LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

MARCH

10¢

In Canada 15c

V. 6 No. 1 A-N

FEB 23 1934

NRA

CONSTANCE BENNETT by MARLAND STONE

WILL GARBO MARRY HER DIRECTOR?

Day-Dreams come True for *Joan* · · with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!



2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

1 "I've always wanted to be attractive to men, and to hold their admiration. But until I began using Camay, my skin was so dull that men never seemed to notice me. Camay has changed all that!"

Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

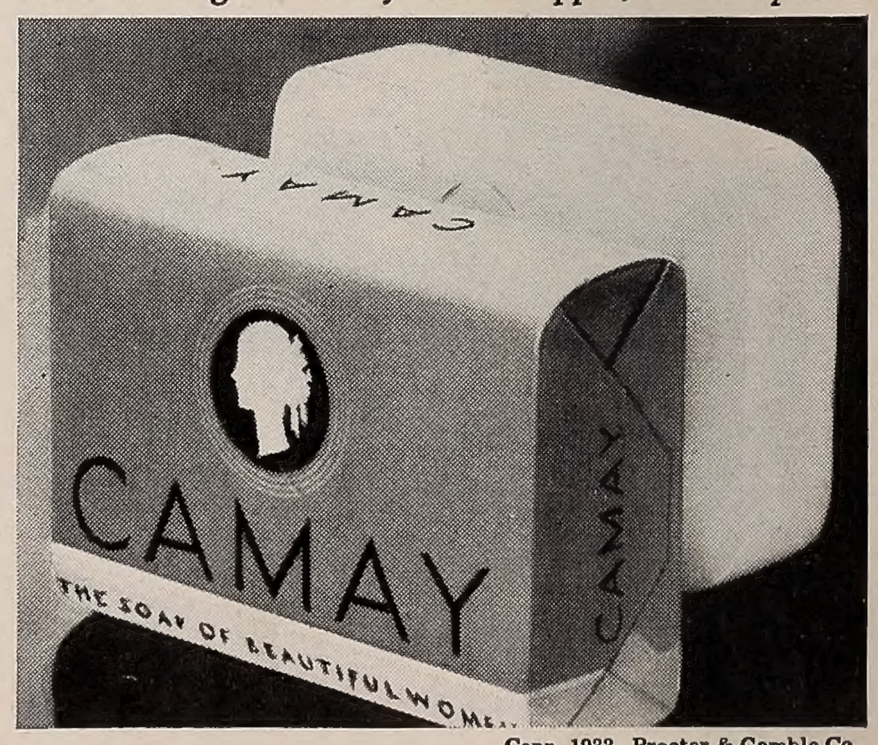
For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.



Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!



Don't let

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way. Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums*, with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.



DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. II-34
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

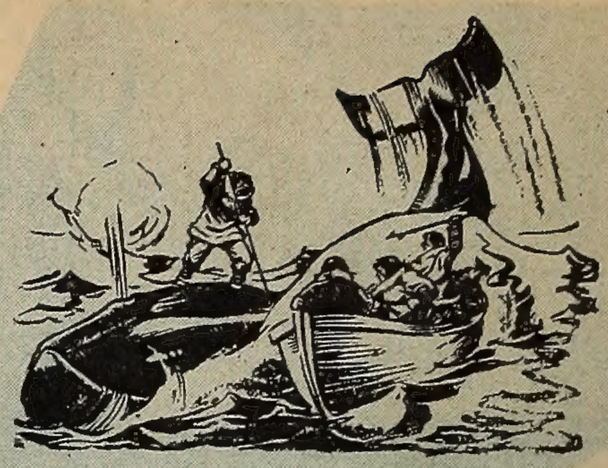
City..... *State*.....



He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!

They loved, happy till the white man came!



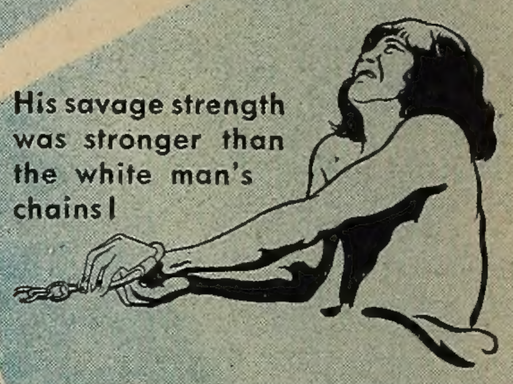


The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

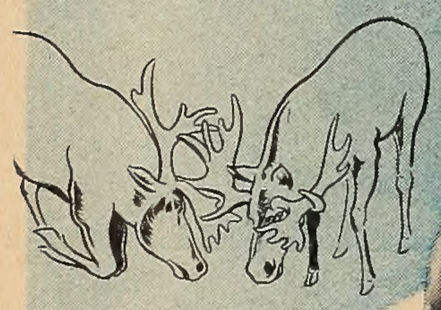
Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!



His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!



Stampede of thousands of caribou!



Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!



ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!



Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.



Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... *Associate Producer:* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

FEB 13 1934

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EBLYAp38

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 6 No. 1 MARCH, 1934



CAN CONNIE KEEP HER CROWN?

Constance Bennett, whose new pertness caught your eye on the cover, doesn't look a bit worried—but she's involved in one of those popularity battles that make Hollywood history. The feud is with Katharine Hepburn.

Connie reigned supreme as queen of RKO until Katharine appeared on the scene—and jarred the crown on the blonde Bennett head. Katharine hadn't planned to do it, of course—but when she did, it brought on the battle. Connie means to keep her crown and Katharine means to become a queen. RKO may have to declare them both queens! **Anyway, Connie is branching out and being sensational in new ways. Did you see her dance, sing and play both a blonde and a brunette in "Moulin Rouge"? Now she's going to co-star with Fredric March in "The Firebrand"!**

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COVER DRAWING OF CONSTANCE BENNETT BY MARLAND STONE

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No Romantic Rôles for Dorothea Wieck?

A Short, Short Story Of The Loverless Lady Of The Screen



By Dorothy Donnell

DOROTHEA WIECK, newest German star to follow the seductive Dietrich to Hollywood, is the first loverless beauty of the films. She is young (in her middle twenties), with patrician features and strong emotional capacity, yet her first three pictures shown on an American screen portray her as a woman without a man in her life.

In "Maedchen in Uniform" she played a repressed school-teacher with the strange power to arouse passionate devotion in the inexperienced hearts of her girl pupils. Her cryptic smile and smoldering eyes singled her out of the usual ranks of screen "discoveries" and put her in a class by herself.

The rather daring, one-sex plot of "Maedchen in Uniform" seemed to demand a follow-up film from Wieck in which she would enact, more or less, a similar portrayal. As the beautiful nun of "Cradle Song," she was again seen in a world composed solely of women, isolated behind high stone walls. The inward emotion of a passionate personality was lavished on the waif left in her charge.

That the studio was fully alive to the woman-appeal of their new star seems apparent from the posters which were distributed for "Cradle Song." One of them showed the actress as the nun with downcast eyes. "WHEN SHE LIFTS HER EYES," enormous letters proclaimed in effect, "TEN MILLION WOMEN WILL BE THRILLED."

Now in her latest picture, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," Dorothea Wieck plays a beautiful Hollywood movie star—a far cry, one would think, from a love-starved school-teacher and a cloistered nun! Yet, once again her screen love is turned upon—not a husband or a lover—but a baby son. There is no suggestion of romance in the whole picture except for one brief love scene.

And her attraction for the feminine is emphasized again in this picture. A desert woman is a thrilled spectator of the great *Miss Fane* at work on location and becomes her adoring fan, keeping a picture of her where she can gaze, worshipfully, at it in intervals of her drudgery—despite the jeers of her husband.

"I suppose, after 'Maedchen in Uniform' I shall be typed," the star remarked, resignedly, on her arrival. And typed she has been, a type completely at odds with her years in German plays and films. Seeking to brighten Dorothea's fragile beauty her first director at the German studio put a fluffy, blonde wig on her. Instantly, it transformed her into a sweetly romantic young woman, and, as such, she immediately won fame in pictures where her chief duty was to be wooed by heroes in uniform.

When "Maedchen In Uniform" was being cast, the director, a close friend of the Wiecks, chanced to call at their home. In a family album he saw a picture of a girl with dark, closely-cropped hair, and somewhat tragic features. He did not recognize her as the fluffy-haired heroine of a hundred German films, but he did recognize her as an entirely new personality perfectly suited for the intense, difficult rôle of the school-teacher. And so the career of "loverless rôles" began with the removal of the unsuitable wig.

And yet the change, giving a far greater opportunity for emotional acting, is just as misleading in identifying her real personality. Dorothea Wieck is not at all a woman's woman. She is the recent bride of a young German baron, Ernst von der Decken.

Yet the legend of mystery which her one-sided rôles have fostered, hangs around her in Hollywood. She is given, the studio admits, to moods, "as strange as the eyes that have brought her fame." She is, alternately, gay and sad, vivacious and quiet. She is—they whisper—unhappy in Hollywood. She is homesick for something. Perhaps it is for her husband, her native tongue, her old friends. Perhaps it is for the blonde wig—and gay romance.

They say that her next picture may have a love story. If it does her women-fan mail, now filled with such ardent letters, will be augmented by letters written in masculine hand, and she may become just another foreign temptress, photographed in passionate embraces, clasped to uniformed chests. A happier fate? Perhaps—and yet, as the loverless lady of the screen, Dorothea Wieck is unique and without a rival.



Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

"Please Keep Out of My Marriage," says Gary Cooper

And Other Hollywood Happenings

By Jack Grant and Marquis Busby



Acme

Gary Cooper and his bride, Sandra Shaw—glimpsed at the recent ball of the Screen Actors' Guild—are serious about staying married. That's why they want everybody to "keep out" of their marriage. Sandra, a New York society girl who made good in films, is giving up her screen career to be plain Mrs. Cooper, housewife

GARY COOPER and Sandra Shaw came back from New York to find all Hollywood awaiting eagerly the "inside story" of their surprise marriage. Yet the newly-weds returned to town so quietly that they were here four days before Hollywood knew of their arrival.

"There is no 'inside story'," said Gary when we cornered him in his dressing-room. "Before I went to New York for a vacation, I slipped the engagement ring on Sandra's finger. We knew then that we wanted to marry, but we didn't know when the ceremony would take place.

"Sandra's parents live in New York and she came on to visit them while I was there. One evening I said that we might just as well get it over with. I didn't say it quite like that, of course, but it meant the same thing. The minister called next day and we were married in her apartment with only her relatives and my manager present.

"Funny thing, I wasn't even nervous in the traditional manner of bridegrooms. I have said 'I do' so often on the screen that I was familiar with the routine. I even got the ring out of my pocket on schedule. They tell me that is something to be proud of.

"There wasn't much time for a honeymoon. We decided upon Arizona, where Sandra's parents have wintered for the past few years. They took the train with us and we all came out together. Then Mother and Dad drove over from Hollywood to join us in Phoenix. Sandra and I drove back with them. That's how we got by the professional train-meeters," Gary smiled.

"I hope we can continue to stay out of the limelight. You see, I don't want my marriage to become *self-conscious*. I have seen too many marriages fail because people thought and talked too much about them.

"It's courting disaster to be labelled the happiest couple in Hollywood—or the happiest in Podunk, either. Hollywood takes the rap for the failure of a lot of marriages when Hollywood isn't really at fault. It's the system of labelling couples so that they become self-conscious. Then, first thing you know, they aren't happy any more. They have been trying so hard to live up to their label that it becomes an irksome task.

"All I ask is that we be let alone to work things out for ourselves. I want to avoid every interview I can that has to do with marriage. I don't want to have to offer reasons why we are happy. I just want the chance to continue to be happy without thinking or talking too much about it.

"Sandra has given up her career on the screen. She says she doesn't care about it any more. I am going on, of course. I have, in fact, some pretty ambitious plans for the next few years. As long as I am before the public, seeking its patronage, the public has a right to know about me.

"Perhaps it is not my privilege to ask favors, but I ask only one—please keep out of my marriage."

Now is as good a time as any to tell a swell story we heard recently about

(*Continued on page 10*)





Remember Charles Boyer (left)? The European star has come back to America for Fox

Meet Carl Brisson (right)—the latest foreign star to listen to the blandishments of Hollywood. Paramount expects him to be a new kind of lover

YOU'LL SEE TWO CONSTANCE BENNETTS . . .

in this intoxicating, spectacular romance with music! . . . the Connie you've always loved— blonde and enticing . . . And a new Connie—brunette, seductive and ravishing! . . . teamed with Franchot Tone to create "the perfect lovers" of the screen!



JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
Presents

CONSTANCE
BENNETT

MOULIN ROUGE

FRANCHOT
TONE

TULLIO CARMINATI
RUSS COLUMBO
BOSWELL SISTERS

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

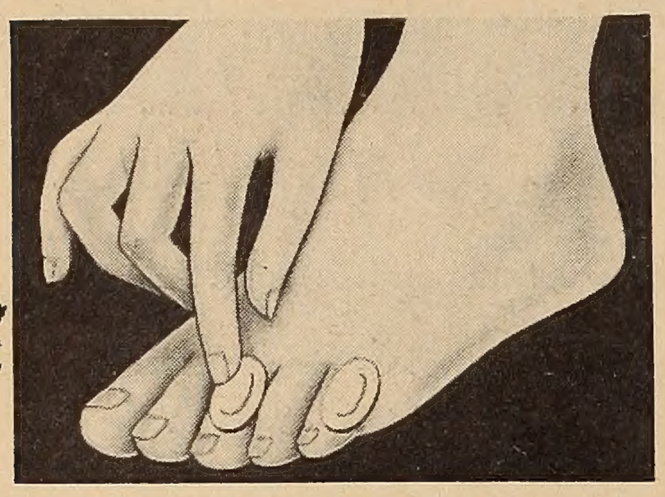
20th
CENTURY
PICTURE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production . . . Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

QUICK SURE RELIEF

CORNS

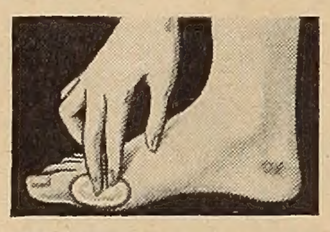
CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Easy Feet in ONE Minute!

How needless to suffer from these foot troubles when in *one minute* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you real comfort! These cushioned, soothing, healing, thin, protective pads stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters; relieve sore toes, chafed heels and irritated insteps; keep you rid of corns, and make new or tight shoes comfortable.



Remove Corns and Callouses



To quickly and safely loosen and remove corns or callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box. Double value now at no extra cost! Sold by dealers everywhere.



Ask for the **Corn Size** for corns and sore toes; **Callous Size** for callouses and sore heels; **Bunion Size** for bunions and sore insteps; **Soft Corn Size** for corns between the toes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

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Dr. Scholl has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—guaranteed to give relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 56 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

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paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET.

UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 668 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California



3 Perfumes

(*Exquisite new odors*)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for $12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—

A single drop lasts a week!

Send only **30¢**

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER

194 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Hollywood Happenings



It's news when a film company stages a big musical without staging a beauty contest to get a chorus. But Fox didn't raise any hullabaloo in searching for girls for "George White's Scandals"—and yet look at the promising results that they got! A hundred girls were tested for every one selected

(*Continued from page 8*)

Gary Cooper. It has to do with a promise he made Sam Goldwyn.

Goldwyn, if you remember, gave Gary his first break, taking him out of the extra ranks to play a small rôle. So impressed was Goldwyn with the way young Cooper handled the assignment that he signed him to a long-term contract. Then came Gary's hit in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and several other companies sought his services.

Gary approached Goldwyn to tell of the offers. He said that he thought Paramount could do a lot more for him and asked for his release from Goldwyn. Sam agreed that the young actor could probably get along faster with a company making more pictures and the contract was torn up.

"Let me know, Mr. Goldwyn, if you ever want me," said Gary gratefully. "I'll come back to see you when I'm free again."

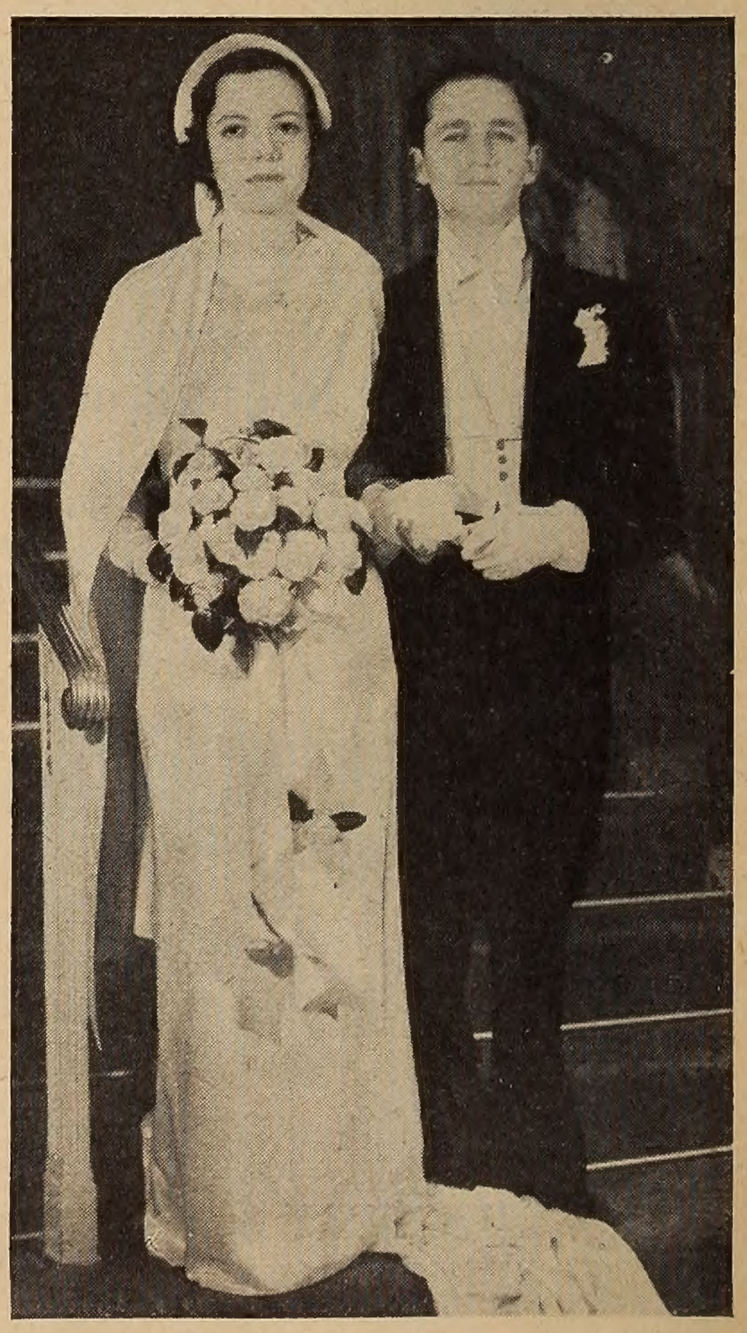
That was many years ago. Gary Cooper, in the meanwhile, has become one of the movies' biggest box-office stars. His Paramount contract was to end with one more picture when he called on Goldwyn.

"I'm not signing with Paramount again," he announced. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

There was. Goldwyn, about to produce "Barbary Coast," was seeking a male lead. Gary would be an excellent choice for the part. They shook hands on the deal, that being enough assurance for both of them.

We like this story of a man who made a promise and *remembered* to keep his word. And it is Goldwyn, not Gary, who tells about it.

(*Continued on page 12*)



Doris Warner, daughter of producer Harry Warner, and director Mervyn Le Roy have just starred in a real-life wedding talkie. The whole ceremony was filmed!



GOOD BEER FOR GOOD FELLOWS



HOME from the ride to the cozy warmth of the cabin . . . a crackling log of flame and gold . . . good fellows . . . good beer . . . Pabst Blue Ribbon. Its full-bodied vigor and vibrant full strength are relished in town and country, wherever men and women work hard, play hard, and live life to the full. Blue Ribbon Beer responds to their most exacting demands. It will satisfy you too—completely.

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. NBC Red Network

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.



"*I couldn't* **BELIEVE** *just the wrong shade of powder made me* **LOOK SO OLD!**"

"Instead of improving my appearance, my old face powder just made me look white and tired. Sometimes it seemed to sort of cake in the wrinkles and then I looked simply dreadful. And I always *appeared* so 'powdered'.

"It really seems to me that I look years and years younger since I started using Jonteel. Goodness knows, enough people tell me so! Jonteel lasts for hours, and I chose a shade that tones in with my skin perfectly and makes it look as clear and soft as a baby's. It veils all the ugly little lines and blemishes that I guess everybody has . . . and yet it is invisible, itself!"

You, too, can look younger and save half of what you now spend to be beautiful. All Jonteel Toiletries are bought direct from their famous maker and sold to you exclusively by the 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores . . . without the in-between profits. The saving is yours.

Ask your nearest Rexall Drug Store for Jonteel Face Powder—two sizes, 25c and 50c ...and the other Jonteel Toiletries, too. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 10*)

Gallant Gesture

THEY say the marriage of Sidney Fox and Charles Beahan was on the point of breaking up long before they came to Hollywood. If this is true, it makes all the more gallant their grand gesture in going through the marriage ceremony a second time on the occasion of their first wedding anniversary. They told the newspapers they planned to observe their anniversary in the same way every year.

Less than a month later, a separation and impending divorce were announced.

Where Was the Guest of Honor?

RONALD COLMAN, back from his lengthy European vacation to make a new "Bulldog Drummond" picture for 20th Century, was greeted by a hearty welcome home. Among the many hostesses who gave affairs in his honor was Betty Compson. Her cocktail party was attended by nearly all of Hollywood—except Colman. The guest of honor just failed to put in an appearance. Bill Powell, who was sent to fetch him, was another absentee. Bill, a bachelor again, is glad to have his bachelor pal back.



After trying for weeks, Ricardo Cortez finally got time off from pictures to be married—to the former Mrs. Christine Lee, of the Connecticut smart set



Girls who step out with Hal Le Roy (no relation to Mervyn Le Roy) have to step fast. He's the peppy youngster who's in a dancing class all by himself on Broadway. The movies have finally captured him for the title rôle of "Harold Teen," based on the collegiate comic strip

A and B and C

RUTH CHATTERTON, on her final picture under Warner contract, wanted to play a scene with her back to the camera. The script called for a large close-up. Patiently, Ruth explained her reason for wanting to turn her back and repeated it to several people before they saw her viewpoint and the change was authorized.

When things had quieted down again, Ruth uttered the *bon mot* of the month, "That's the trouble with pictures. You always have to spell."



Only yesterday, Margaret Sullavan left Hollywood for a long vacation. But she had to come back right away—the public insisted—to make "Little Man, What Now?" with Douglass Montgomery.

A Marx Has An Answer

SOMEONE was congratulating Zeppo Marx upon the success of the Marx Brothers in "Duck Soup."

"It's nothing," he replied. "Just a little thing we tossed off in six months."

Mae West's Strange Complex

AFTER a goodly amount of sleuthing, I have finally learned what Mae West does in her spare moments. She hasn't very much time to herself and one would imagine she would spend it shopping for feminine doodads. She doesn't. She goes house-hunting.

A home with a "To Let" sign on it is irresistible to Mae. Whenever she sees a vacant house, the car is stopped

(*Continued on page 73*)

Let's talk about Something Pleasant!



A delicious bit of chocolate, for instance. For it so happens that a delicious bit of chocolate is changing the ideas of millions about laxatives. And *you* ought to know it!

It's Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative. It looks like chocolate and it tastes like chocolate, but through the pure, smooth chocolate is distributed uniformly a world-famous laxative ingredient that is perfectly tasteless. All you taste is chocolate. But no nasty-tasting, harsh violent purgative was ever more effective!

It makes no difference whether one is six or sixty — Ex-Lax is effective. Everybody loves chocolate—so every age likes Ex-Lax.

Why, then, clutter a medicine cabinet with a whole row of laxatives when one tiny tin of Ex-Lax will serve the entire family? And serve them *better!*

Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! For you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective—but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

Twenty eight years ago Ex-Lax was just an idea—today it's America's leading laxative. That tells you how the nation has swung to "the pleasant side."

So next time when you "need something" get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take—and how much better you feel afterwards.

At all druggists. 10c and 25c sizes. But look for the genuine Ex-Lax, spelled E-X-L-A-X.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE







Beauty Tips for Eyebrows and Lips

Try these tricks, then decide how you want to wear your eyebrows and lip rouge. Experiment before plucking your brows; pencil on different shapes as Ann Sothern has. When you decide which fits your face best, pluck your brows. Experiment with your lips by applying lip rouge to discover the best shape. Top left, the exotic Chinese eyebrow, thin upper lip and full lower; top center, extremely curved brows, heavy upper and lower lips; top right, almost straight brow and rosebud-like lips. Lower left, thin eyebrows and thin lips; lower center, heavy, close-together brows —to be avoided; lower right, an almost natural eyebrow with a downward sweep at ends and lips not too thin or too thick. In circle, Ann, the star of Columbia's "Let's Fall in Love," with eyebrows and lips made up by closely following her own natural lines, as they are the most becoming.





Warner Bros.' parade of stars marches to greater glory!

"42nd Street"..."Gold Diggers"..."Footlight Parade" . . . and now the most spectacular attraction the show world has ever known —"Wonder Bar". Sensation of two continents on the stage, it comes to the screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!

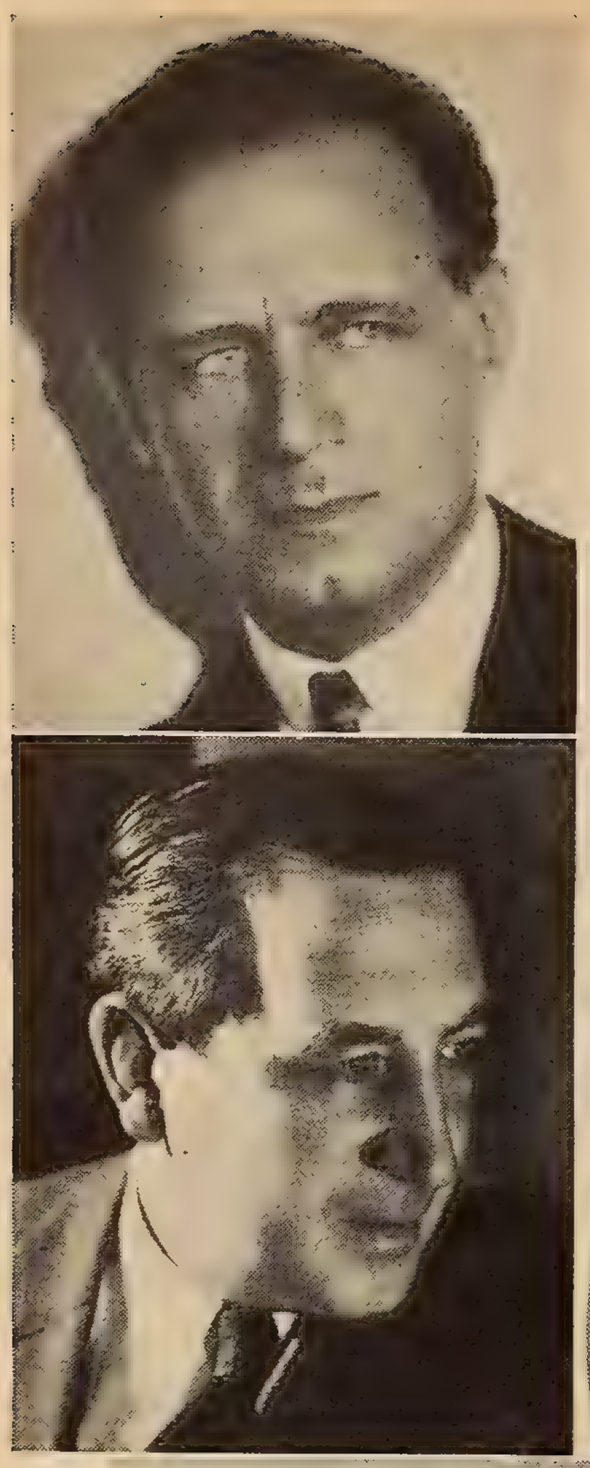


"WONDER BAR"

Starring

AL JOLSON — KAY FRANCIS
DOLORES DEL RIO — DICK POWELL
RICARDO CORTEZ — HAL LEROY
FIFI D'ORSAY — GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT — KATHRYN SERGAVA
RUTH DONNELLY — ROBERT BARRAT
MERNA KENNEDY — HENRY KOLKER

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture



They Stand Out From the Crowd This Month





By MARK DOWLING

DOROTHY WILSON stands out because of the fine sincerity of her performance in "Eight Girls in a Boat." Her rôle, that of a young schoolgirl facing the realities of life for the first time, was a difficult one. But did you notice how she avoided overstressing her own emotions and made the audience act for her, instead? Hollywood's only two-time (but not two-timing) Cinderella, Dorothy had her first break when a featured rôle in "Age of Consent" lured her from a stenographer's desk. Then "Eight Girls in a Boat" lifted her out of the ranks of "among-those-present." Single, quiet, cool, and composed, she originally came to California (from the Middle West) not to be a movie star, but because of the climate.

FRANCHOT TONE stands out because he has so sensibly disregarded attempts to make him a matinée idol, and proves himself a farceur of the highest order in "Moulin Rouge," in which he plays that much maligned-character known as an author, but makes him human. His *playwright* will be copied by other stars as much as was Warner Baxter's *director* in "42nd Street." Also, because of his plausible personality; because he is a college man, and looks it; and finally, because his highly-publicized position as Joan Crawford's boy-friend has not prevented audiences from applauding him strictly on his own merits.

(*Continued on page 69*)







Tullio Carminati (top) is the new king of charm after "Gallant Lady." Hugh Herbert (next to top) writes, directs and acts—and does one as well as another. Alice Brady (circle) steals her newest picture in a *dramatic*—not a comedy—rôle. Dorothy Wilson (above) rises to a great opportunity in "Eight Girls in a Boat." The performance that Franchot Tone (near right) gives in "Moulin Rouge" is due to be copied. Fred Astaire (right center) has made dancing mean something on the screen. Janet Beecher (far right) is completely what she seems in "Gallant Lady"

Janet
GAYNOR



Lionel
BARRYMORE

"Carolina"

Robert YOUNG • Richard CROMWELL • Mona BARRIE

Henrietta CROSMAN • Stepin FETCHIT •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

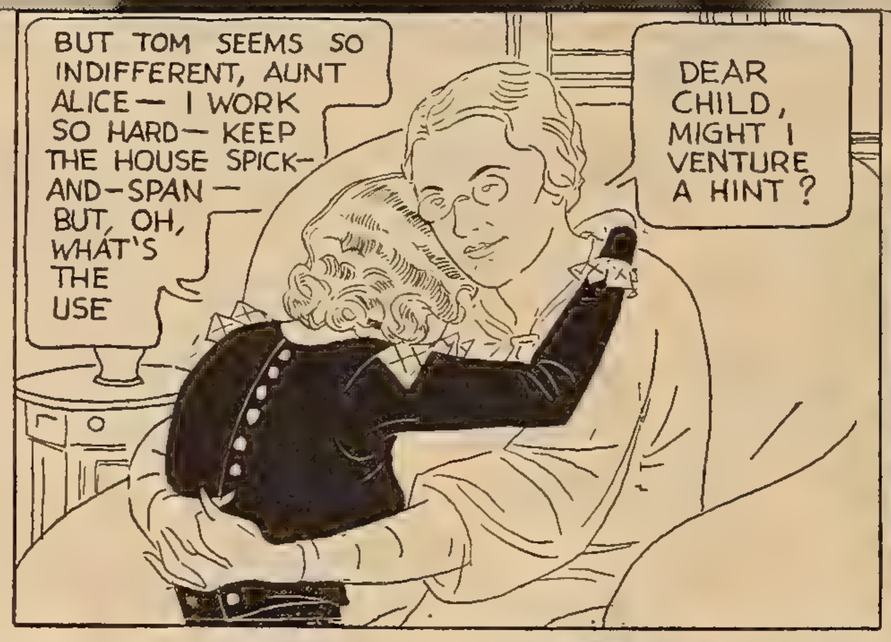
Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

FOX

"What's the use"



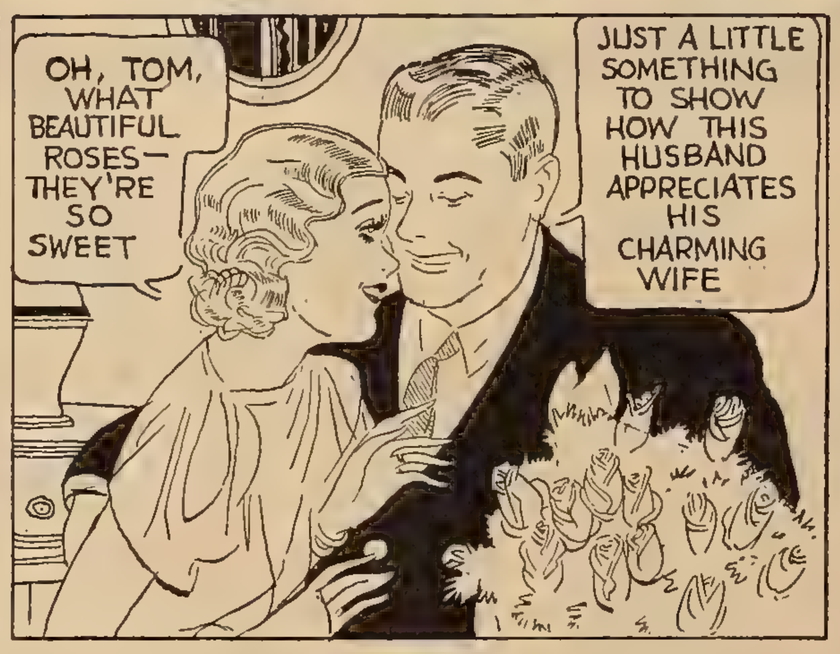
This young wife thought romance had fled— UNTIL . . .







AND SOON TOM'S ATTITUDE CHANGES



AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor — *protect daintiness this easy way . .*

No girl need *ever* be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away *completely* and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.



—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

MOVIE CLASSIC



Loretta did—and she's glad. She says she'll know real love now when it comes her way. And what about those romance rumors that link her with Spencer Tracy? She tells you what they mean to her!

By JACK GRANT

"Get Your Heart Broken Early"—LORETTA YOUNG

"I AM not at all ashamed of my affection for Spencer Tracy," Loretta Young told me. "I haven't said anything about it until now, but I am sick and tired of being referred to as 'that woman' in Spencer's life!

"It is unfortunate that we met so soon after his separation from his wife—unfortunate because unpleasant talk started. Spencer and Mrs. Tracy, both of whom are better judges than any gossipers, have denied that I had anything to do with their decision to live apart. Gossip, however, has chosen to ignore dates and has laid the responsibility at my door.

"Spencer and I were such complete strangers that we hadn't even seen one another on the screen previous to our being cast together in 'Man's Castle.' I admired his work so much during rehearsal that I went to see several of his recent pictures. He later flattered me very much by telling me that he had done the same thing.

"The company worked late one night when we were about ten days along with our picture. Spencer asked me if I would care to dine with him and run over some of the dialogue. I accepted and we went to the Victor Hugo Restaurant. A columnist saw us there and the next day we read the first of the romantic reports. Spencer had then been separated from Mrs. Tracy for more than a month.

"Before we went out together again, Spencer insisted upon thoroughly discussing all of the unpleasant possibilities I faced

(*Continued on page 72*)



PECK & PECK *tells you how to save lovely* STOCKINGS

from a cruel fate: "Use IVORY FLAKES"

When you're after divine sports clothes, stop in at Peck & Peck's. And don't skip that counter where Peck & Peck shows New York what's what in lovely stockings.

They're all vain legs could wish for—ask for "Queen Victoria" and you'll see 100-gauge cobwebs—"Princess" is your cue for sheers, unclouded by ripples or rings—and use "Bread-and-butter" as your password for stockings that are slick for serious walking.

What will their fate be? Peck & Peck hopes for the best . . . cautions you with these very words, "Never tub stockings with impure soap . . . it's too strong. Use *pure* Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water." It's advice we can't improve upon!

The frailer stockings are, the fairer they seem. And the poor darlings are at the mercy of the soap you use. Give them life extensions by using Ivory Flakes—those tiny curls of *pure* Ivory Soap that puff into *instant* suds!



And deferring the washing of soiled stockings will never do, because perspiration is deadly on silk strength. After each wearing, duck your stockings into *pure* Ivory suds. Takes but a minute! And then! Don't waste money on fine fabrics soaps that cost more than Ivory Flakes. Why should you? Ivory Flakes come in bigger boxes with more soap—and cost a shade less!

IVORY FLAKES · *gentle enough for a baby's skin* · *99 44/100 % pure*

DOUG, JR., Speaks Up for His Dad—and Himself

You've got the two Fairbankses all wrong if you think they're deserting America. Young Doug says so. He's here to tell you just why they went over to England—and what the change has done for them. This is the INSIDE story of filmdom's most famous father and son!

By GLADYS HALL

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., told me, "I have found my father and I am on the way to finding myself. These are the two principal facts that emerge from my going abroad and being with him. This is 'The Truth about the Fairbankses!' "

The Fairbankses, Senior and Junior, have been surrounded these past few months by a very fog of rumor, report, criticism and conjecture. We have heard that they are about to become British citizens; that they deride Hollywood and all of its ways; that they have gone awf'ly Mayfair; that they are romancing with Lady This and Lady That with possible matrimonial intentions; that they will never return to live in the land of their births. And all of these rumors and reports have been contradicted. What is the answer?

Young Doug has *two* answers. And, back in Hollywood briefly to make "Success Story," he told them to me—with not a trace of English accent.

His return was celebrated with a "Welcome Home" party attended by a host of stars. Those who know him aren't accusing him of having run out on them. He has been invited by Joan Crawford to the home he once shared with her, has been given a birthday gift by her, and has talked acting in her home with Franchot Tone. He is friendly with Joan. But he is not about to appear in public places with her, holding hands and being too, too divine about it all. He believes that there is a middle ground upon which one may walk with dignity in matters such as these. Doug doesn't court gossip for publicity's sake.

He looks lean and fit and British-tailored, though not mannered. He has, he says, a narrow, tiny, five-storied house in Mayfair, London—and lives quietly and privately. Reporters do not besiege him. "Over there," movie stars are men and women doing their jobs. They are not public exhibits living on a permanent Midway. Douglas, Senior, his son tells me, still stops at a hotel — if the word "stops" can be applied to the magic-carpeting elder Fairbanks, who has not spent six months at any one time in any one country for years.



Keystone

How They Differ

SAYS Douglas, Junior, "We don't live together. I don't know that we ever shall. There is this difference between us—he likes to stay six hours in one place, and I usually like to stay for twenty-four. I need my sleep. He requires four hours a night only—and begrudges them as time wasted. He rises at four a.m. I never know what hour of the day or night he will appear, toothbrush in hand, and announce, 'We are flying to Algiers!'

"I don't keep tabs on him. I couldn't keep up with him. He doesn't keep tabs on me. He was out of England when I sailed for America. He didn't even know that I had gone until I radioed from shipboard that I was on my way and

(Continued on page 58)

Will GARBO Marry Her Director?

By BORIS NICOLAI

"MY son is going to marry Greta Garbo," chuckled Rouben Mamoulian's father. Proud and unfathomably happy, he was delighted with the bombshell he had thrown. He was talking confidentially to a few select friends. (And this was before the couple took their famous "vacation.")

"My son is going to marry Greta Garbo," Rouben Mamoulian's papa told me the other evening, not confidentially at all. After all, I was the grandson of the Count whom he had known in his youth in Russia. No doubt he was proud to show me how his family had advanced in this new world to which a red tide had swept us. America, too, has its aristocracy, its nobility—the motion picture stars. And, of them all, Garbo is queen.

She was not always queen. Years ago, this pale Swedish girl—who did not then dream of the strange career of loneliness and glory ahead of her, this lovely blonde who laughed loudly and slapped her knee at her first Hollywood interview—confided to a writer-friend of mine that her ambition was to have sometime a tiny country home with flowers and children. That, she said, was every Swedish woman's life, every Swedish woman's dream. And it was hers.

But dreams vanish in Hollywood. Greta Garbo forgot Greta Gustafsson. Now she was a motion picture actress, now a star, now the greatest of all stars. She did not laugh loudly any longer. She did not even smile. She had a great house hidden behind walls and she returned to it at night to hide away from her fame.

Only once in the seven years of Greta Garbo's stay in Hollywood has she ever seemed to listen to a man when he came a-courting. John Gilbert's screen love-making was devastating. His private love-making, they say, was equally fiery, and there seems no doubt that Garbo became a woman, instead of a coldly isolated star, under the spell of his whirlwind courtship. They made a trip secretly—to escape the preying eyes of newspaper reports—to the marriage license bureau of a little Orange Valley town. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were only a few feet away from the city clerk and matrimony when she turned away, shaking her head.

"I have changed my mind," she said.

But now, apparently, the man for whom she has waited has appeared.

Rouben Mamoulian, famous director of stage and screen, is that man, if the statement of the pleased little old foreigner who is his father is to be believed. And who should be better able to divulge the

To be with Rouben Mamoulian, Garbo has at last forsaken her solitude. It MUST be love!



Portrait by Bull



Portrait by Bredell

Is Rouben Mamoulian the man she has been waiting for all these years? Has she found love at last? His father, who ought to know, thinks so—and the evidence bears him out!

secret than the proud father of the prospective bridegroom?

For a long time Mamoulian lived in a lovely house on fashionable Hillside Avenue. It overlooked the blinking lights of Hollywood from far up among the gently sloping hills—in just that secluded and wild solitude which the great Garbo seeks on her long hikes. And rumor has it that she has walked there often when she had a day away from the grueling lights of the studio.

When Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer planned the production of the most pretentious picture of Garbo's career, the historical record of the life and loves of Christina, Queen of Sweden, the question of who would be the leading man was settled by Garbo in two words.

"John Gilbert," she said calmly.

"Ah, Garbo and Gilbert—the greatest love team of them all—together again! She is repaying him for the great opportunity *he* once gave *her!*" Hollywood cried, remembering the old days.

"And who is to direct the picture?" studio officials asked—as her new contract says they must.

Again Garbo spoke without hesitation: "Rouben Mamoulian."

Why did she insist on Mamoulian? Was it only because he had made Marlene Dietrich so glamourous in "The Song of Songs?" Or did Garbo sense an intellectual and spiritual affinity between them?

He had never made a picture on the Metro lot. There were a half-dozen directors who had worked with Garbo—and they were available. But Greta was stubborn. She did not argue, she did not insist, she simply stated.

The intellectual young Mamoulian's name had often been mentioned in connection with a number of gorgeous women. A friend of Countess Landi, Elissa Landi's mother, he had often dined at the Landi home—and Hollywood wondered if Elissa's hubby, in London, was perturbed. Professional gossipers had hinted that Marlene Dietrich's interest in the swarthy Mamoulian was more marked than that of a star for her director. And then there was the very wealthy Madame Drake who had been seen with the tall Armenian so often when he first came to America to direct the Theatre Guild's school in New York. Wasn't his name linked with that of Helen Flint while he was directing her career on Broadway? And had he not been seen often with Helen Morgan, whom he directed in "Applause"? (That early talkie, made in the East, was the first picture he directed. "City Streets" was his first picture in Hollywood—and Sylvia Sidney's first.)

He Became Sphinx-Like, Too

SO it was in an atmosphere of excitement and expectation that Rouben Mamoulian, the accented director from Tiflis, went to Metro to take charge of the most important picture in the Swedish star's career.

Naturally, gossips talked. And Mamoulian, heretofore so affable to reporters, suddenly adopted the Garboesque mantle of silence. "They ask me whether I am engaged to Miss Garbo," he told the studio hotly. "If I said anything to them, if I said 'No,' they would make it sound as they wished. So I shall not talk at all."

Now, Garbo was working daily with the two men whose names had been linked most closely with hers in a romantic way. This was news. This was vital. But now, while the dark and flashing Gilbert was supposed to be her lover—perhaps the man who really was inspiring her emotionally was the dark and suave Mamoulian, who, oddly enough, looked so much like the man who brought her to America, the late Mauritz Stiller, as to arouse comment from all who saw him with her.

Few people are admitted to a Garbo set. But the strained relations between the leading man and director of "Queen Christina," which often broke out in open argument and more than once in anger, were too marked to be kept a secret long. Hollywood jumped to the conclusion that the

(*Continued on page 56*)

Hollywood's New *of* Honor

Do you know which stars walked off with the most honors in 1933—and what their honors were? Here is the Who's Who of last year's Most Popular Favorites!



Walt Disney was honored with a medal (above and right) from Parents' Magazine "for distinguished service to children." Marie Dressler (left) was given the biggest birthday party in Hollywood history and called "Hollywood's First Citizen." Mary Pickford (below) was chosen an honorary ace at the National Air Races in Los Angeles. Few can wear this badge!





NOT without honors are the film stars of Hollywood. The morning mail of almost every screen star, from Mae West to Baby LeRoy, is heavy with medals, degrees, and decorations struck off in his or her honor by such widely varied groups as the Junior League, ancient foreign art societies, and plain American colleges. Even the President of the United States pays tangible tribute to the film stars who amuse him, while the wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives wrote a poem to a star who pleased *her;* and Hollywood's only complaint in the face of this avalanche of praise is that there aren't enough honors—figuratively speaking, of course—to go around!

Last year Movie Classic printed the roll of hotly-contested honors paid your favorites during 1932; this past year they have been even more numerous and important, even if there are a few that might be called "doubtful" honors. An invitation to become a Kentucky Colonel, for instance, often carries with it a request to make a radio appearance on the "Kentucky Colonel Hour," and election to the Breakfast Club sometimes calls for a speech. But even so, the stars accept! They are gluttons for this punishment by bouquets, and it's a sorry little screen star who can't pin a couple of bright gilt medals to her evening gown on Mayfair night.

This is ironical, for the most honored stars this year do not wear evening dresses.

ROLL

BY MARK DOWLING



Janet Gaynor (right) was picked by showmen as "the most popular actress on the screen." Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse (below) received an album of South American tribute



Mae West (center) was invited to inspect the Los Angeles city jail—one of the year's most unusual honors. Mae also was made a Kentucky colonel and was honored by having stylists copy her

They are—can't you guess?—Mickey, Minnie, and the Three Little Pigs. Among the important marks of esteem that have been paid their creator, Walt Disney, from all over the world, is the *Parents' Magazine medal*, awarded for "distinguished service to children."

Honored by Stork, Too

IN view of the campaign now being waged for better, cleaner moving pictures for children, the award has a special significance. It also has a highly dramatic side-light, for during the progress of the presentation luncheon, with scores of important personages from state and national child welfare groups present, Mr. Disney clutched his new medal in one hand and rushed to the telephone—to learn that he had just become a parent, himself! (In Hollywood's irreverent terminology, in case you haven't heard, the baby is a "Minnie."

And that you're really a student of the Fine Arts, when you watch the merry antics of Mr. Disney's animals, was resoundingly stated by the Chicago Art Institute. "The Disney drawings conform to the principles and standards of true art in nearly every respect," is their opinion, and to prove they mean it, they have *placed many of his drawings on permanent exhibition* in the Institute, for the instruction of future generations. That's the first time a comic artist has crashed this temple!

Seconding this opinion is the Nacional Academy of Fine Arts of the Republic of Argentine. The faculty sent Disney *a beautifully-bound volume* containing greetings and autographs of scores of South America's most distinguished artists and dignitaries.

Too many to list are the other honors paid this modest young man, but among them must be included *recognition*

(*Continued on page 70*)

MADGE EVANS

Tells Her Big Secret!

By SONIA LEE

She admits—for the first time—that she is in love with Tom Gallery. (And has been ever since she was ten years old.) Those wedding bells will ring as soon as she gives herself a little love test!

MADGE EVANS has loved Tom Gallery since she was ten years old! And here, for the first time, she tells the story of that romance—and discloses plans for her impending marriage to him. Previously, both Tom and Madge have consistently denied that they will marry.

Sub-consciously, during the years of Madge's adolescence and young womanhood, an idol had possession of her heart. Sub-consciously, because the intervening years brought many changes for both of them—and, in the stress of life, their minds forgot each other. But their hearts didn't.

Tom married Zasu Pitts, became a promoter. Madge, the child star of silent pictures, conquered the stage—became a fine and alert artist — had her share of emotional experiences. Tom was a tender memory. He was the man who used to buy her ice-cream sodas when she was ten. . .

When Hollywood recognized her mature abilities and claimed her for its own, she went West reluctantly. There was a boy in New York— a play-broker — whom she loved. She wanted to marry him; she resented the separation from him. But marriage to him was not her destiny.

She did come to Hollywood in April, 1931. She met Tom again. The adoration of an elfin, golden-haired child—so long quiescent—became the ripened, deep and abiding love of a woman for the one man!



Acme

In Love—Without Knowing It

"I WOULD never have come so close to Tom as quickly as I have," explains Madge Evans, "if I had not been in love with him—unknowingly—all these years.

"I remember that I idolized him. He was perfection. He knew how to amuse a little girl — how to take awfully good care of her, and not make her feel that she was a baby and didn't have any sense. He has loads of brothers and sisters back in Chicago and he knew exactly how to handle me. We were great friends.

"We played tennis together. We went to movies and walking, and he used to buy me ice-cream sodas. He was engaged to Zasu Pitts at that time. So the two of them would take me along.

"Frequently, Tom would borrow an automobile — a great luxury in those days —and take me for a drive. The garage man saw me with Tom once and remarked, 'That little girl of yours is beautiful, Mr. Gallery.'

"From then on, Tom called me his daughter. And when we'd go to the drug-store for a soda, he'd say to the boy at the fountain, 'Now see that you give my little daughter an extra scoop of ice cream.' I was terribly pleased to have him taken for my father. It made him sort of belong to me.

"Zasu and Tom took me to see the première of 'Bright Skies' in which Zasu starred and Tom was the leading man. It was the

(*Continued on page 78*)

What Rudy Says About Women Now

Rudy Vallee has been having plenty of marital trouble—but Hollywood is rumoring another romance for him already, with pretty Alice Faye. He insists, however, that brunettes are still his weakness—and speaks his mind about love and women in general!

By DOROTHY ROBERTS



Nathan

Rudy Vallee denies any romantic interest in blonde Alice Faye, his 19-year-old musical "discovery" and leading lady in "George White's Scandals." He says, "I'm not looking for a wife right now. I want to forget a few things first"

WHEN I interviewed Rudy Vallee, he was about to head East and get away from California process-servers. He was finishing "George White's Scandals," in which he is the star and Alice Faye, vocalist with his Connecticut Yankees, is his leading lady. His lawyers and the lawyers of his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee, were having it hot and heavy. Fay was trying to stop him from suing for divorce in Mexico and was suing, herself, for separate maintenance in California. His lawyers were claiming that they had phonograph records of romantic conversations between the brunette Fay and another man; and the lawyers were hinting that the Fay whom Rudy loved now was a blonde and had an "e" at the end of her name. But Rudy looked serene and unruffled.

"'You can't live with them, and you can't live without them,'" he said to me, ruefully—and by "them" he meant the female of the species.

Sadder and wiser, perhaps, Rudy Vallee—of the Maine Vallees, Yale-educated, with a prize-winning vocabulary, a silken personality, and a reputed wealth of three million dollars—is not at all discouraged by his two failures to find happiness in the blessed state of matrimony. Somewhere, he feels, there must be harmony in wedlock for him—harmony as melodious as the music of his famous orchestra.

Regretfully, now, as he sees the trouble that has brewed from his second marriage, he wishes that he had followed

(*Continued on page 60*)

THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS PICTURES

1

Wide World



2



Keystone

Wide World

3

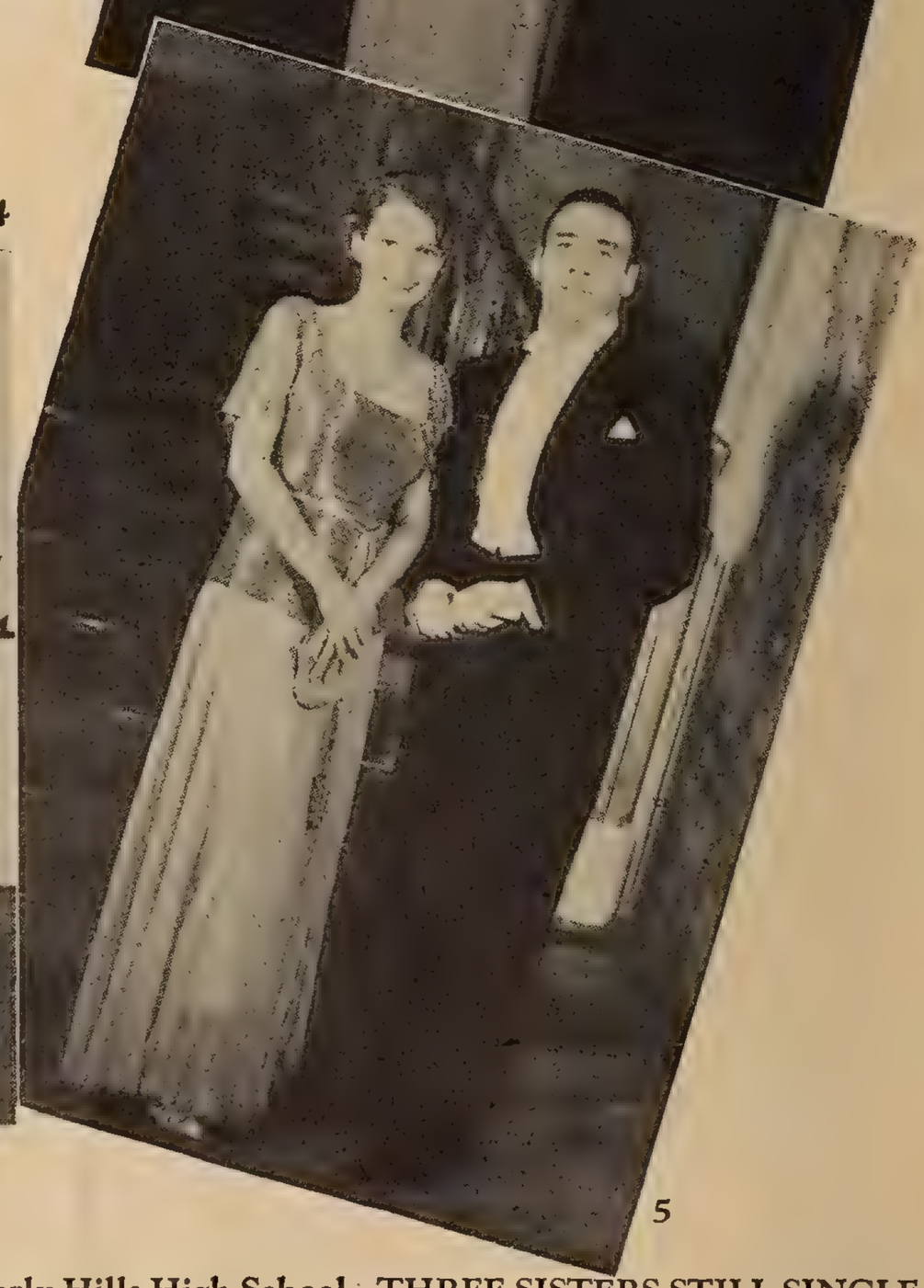


4



Wide World

5



HARRY AND ANN GET TOGETHER AGAIN—(1) Every time Harry Bannister steps from an airplane, there seems to be a lovely lady on hand to greet him. Back in Hollywood for a visit recently, he was met by Ann Harding, who divorced him two years ago because Hollywood called him "Mr. Ann Harding." She has custody of their small daughter, Jane. Now, there are rumors of a reconciliation and remarriage, though Mary McCormic, opera singer, said a few months ago that she and the actor had wedding plans. WANTS TO FOLLOW IN DAD'S FOOTSTEPS—(2) Charles John Holt, Jr., 14-year-old son of Jack Holt, is training to enter the movies, himself, when he grows up. He's only about six feet tall now and a star athlete at Beverly Hills High School. THREE SISTERS STILL SINGLE—(3) Sally Blane, Loretta Young and Polly Ann Young, left to right, are still keeping the swains guessing. Sally and Polly, just back from picture-making abroad, have been rumored engaged to dukes and such. HONEYMOONED ON HORSEBACK—(4) Gary Cooper, who wants people to leave his marriage alone (see page 8), went cowboy again on his honeymoon with Sandra Shaw at Phoenix, Arizona. Gary apparently married a girl who likes the outdoor life, too. THEY'RE EXPECTING—(5) That's the big news about Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien, married since last July. They're glimpsed at the wedding of director Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner in New York City

MAKING PLAY WHERE THE SUN SHINES

Anthony Burke Photos

1

2

3

4

5

6

Where does Summer go in the Wintertime? To Palm Springs—which isn't far from Hollywood. And right along with it go the movie stars. (1) Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are two of the most regular dropper-inners. They claim they can't keep their young son out of deep water. He's a movie actor already—in "The Baby in the Icebox"—and now he wants to plunge into the social swim. (2) Steffi Duna and Mrs. Paul Lukas —old friends from Budapest—are more interested in walkies than talkies right now. Steffi, who is with Francis Lederer in "Man of Two Worlds," says she and Frantisek are engaged; but he's keeping mum. (3) H. B. Warner, back from England, where he made "Sorrell and Son," is now privately playing "Warner and Son" with H. B. Jr., at Palm Springs. (4) Toby Wing, "Hollywood's most beautiful chorus girl," is water-nymphing it at the pool at the El Mirador Hotel, which is in the desert at the foot of Mt. Jacinto. (5) Lee Tracy is telling Richard Dix that Mexico City is a hotter spot than Palm Springs—and Lee ought to know. Rich is convalescing from an almost-fatal siege of pneumonia. (6) Elizabeth Allan and Herbert Marshall tell each other the latest news from England—and Herbert, just back from Hawaii, tells Elizabeth about THAT climate. He tramped through tropical jungle with Claudette Colbert for "Four Frightened People"

These Li'l Girls Know the Answers!

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

A REGIMENT of youngsters has invaded Hollywood. An army still in its teens is marching into the movies. Every studio in town has a number of youthful players who, with bright, eager eyes fixed on a cinematic future, are keeping dramatic step with older, more seasoned actors. And what do they think about, these school-children who are already tasting fame? What do they know about Hollywood? Are they drowning in the hectic whirlpool that accompanies the making of pictures? Are they self-conscious or poised; conceited or bewildered; happy or unhappy? In other words, do they know the answers?

THEY DO—most decidedly.

Patricia Ellis, Ida Lupino, Lona Andre, Toby Wing, Jean Parker, Betty Furness, Mary Carlisle . . . all are blazing brightly in the film sky, little minor stars in their teens.

1 . . . Are actors paid too much?
2 . . . What type of books do you read?
3 . . . What would you like to achieve in the movies?
4 . . . What star would you like to resemble?
5 . . . Is Chaplin married to Paulette Goddard?
6 . . . What are your ideas on love?
7 . . . Would you advise a girl-friend of your own age to go into the movies?
8 . . . Is it necessary to appear at the "best places" to keep in the "Hollywood swing"?
9 . . . How did you get into the movies?
10 . . . Is there anything you'd rather do than act?
11 . . . What are the difficulties you are encountering now?
12 . . . How do you like Hollywood parties?
13 . . . What are Hollywood's "pitfalls"?
14 . . . Have you a movie jinx?
15 . . . What do you want your celluloid life to be . . . sexy, mysterious, sophisticated, or naïve?



TOBY WING



IDA LUPINO

These seven sweeties are all in their teens . . . but they're not schoolgirls. No ma'am! They're sensations. They know what it takes to get along in the movie town. We tested 'em!

Caught in one of the world's largest and most heart-breaking industries; swallowed up in the cinemaw, they nevertheless know where they're going and what it's all about—reminding one somewhat of the tail of a comet, running along pretty well in spite of the glare.

Movie Classic, in an endeavor to discover the mental mechanism of the Hollywood-teens, presented these youngsters with a questionnaire that, you will admit, covers a good deal of ground. (See the slate.) The interesting thing about the whole experiment is that the only questions that stumped the starlets are the two that stump the whole of Hollywood. They are: "What is the film code?" and "Who is Will Hays?" Not one of the questionees answered the first, and what answers that were given to the second were weird.

Quick on Mental Trigger

BETTY FURNESS tossed off her answers while on the run at the RKO-Radio studios between the still department, the publicity offices, the wardroom department and rehearsals. She is an extremely busy and independent young lady. Characteristically, she answered only those questions she felt like answering.

Seventeen, practical, capable, and slim almost to the point of angularity, her mind follows her physical mold, having corners on it and sharp edges, which are, fortunately, softened by a grand sense of humor. Well, anyway, here are her answers:

Actors certainly aren't paid too much; she reads the telephone book, "Child Life" and "Popular Mechanics" (!!!); she wants to act like Betty Furness and nobody else; she doesn't know if Chaplin is married to Miss Goddard and says it's none of her business; she doesn't find it necessary to appear at the "best places" and impishly inquires, "Which way is Hollywood swinging?" She'd rather sleep than act; is encountering no difficulties except "answering questionnaires such as this," and that, according to Miss Furness, is that.

THREE Stars Her Models

PATRICIA ELLIS, also seventeen, is an unaffected young lady, rather quiet and reserved. She is earnest, vitally interested in everything, and boasts one of the most attractive mothers in Hollywood. Her father is Alexander Leftwich, well-known stage director, and her newest rôle is in "Harold Teen."

She says that the pay of some actors is too high, but that those who bring in the money should get it; she reads anything but poetry; she wants to achieve the position on the screen of dependable featured player so that, when her name appears in the cast, people will feel that the part will be played adequately, and she wants eventually to be a combination of Helen Hayes, Miriam Hopkins and Ruth Chatterton, which is something, if you ask me.

She "hasn't followed the situation closely enough to know if Chaplin is married to Miss

(*Continued on page 66*)



The Private Life of

BY RUTH BIERY

This is the third instalment in MOVIE CLASSIC'S intimate four-part story of the life of Mae West—the first life-story to reveal enough of her early days to explain her personality. It is a great success story of a self-made star. Mae can take all the credit, herself, for being the sensation she is today!—*Editor*.

WHAT was Mae West's life between the time of her first appearance on Broadway at fifteen and the time of her sensational capture of that famous thoroughfare with her first play, "Sex"? It is not easy to trace that period. As proof of her iron determination to live only for her professional self, she has avoided either talking or having much printed about the years when she was developing herself from warm flesh into a monument to cold fame.

When I asked her about those years during which she was supposed to have touched every angle of entertainment from burlesque to acrobatics, she slurred, easily, "There musta been two Mae Wests!"

A little later, she added, "You understand, don't you? I gotta be careful what I say. I'm a piece of property. I gotta protect that property. Not just for myself, but there's the studio. People might misunderstand———"

A piece of property. A glamourous institution that cannot be insured against misunderstanding.

On May 24, 1929, she was off-guard for a few moments. She told a reporter in a Mid-Western city that she had been with Van Tenni's Arab Acrobatic Troupe. "I lifted three of the Arabs in the pinwheel formation, and did other acts which necessitated great strength. Look at this." She illustrated with an arm that bulged with muscle over which she had perfect control. And added, "I can do that with any muscle in my body."

This was the greatest influence of her prize-fighting father, perhaps. He had prepared her body while her mother was preparing the soul within it.

Do not misunderstand. Mae West is not ashamed of the hectic variations of those years-of-preparation and training. Shame is a personal





Acme

Left, Mae West and the "Pleasure Man" cast in court in September, 1928. Above, the latest portrait of Mae, who is now making "It Ain't No Sin"

MAE WEST

Chapter Three in MOVIE CLASSIC'S revealing four-part story tells you how Mae made herself a sensation on Broadway. It wasn't any accident; she had it all planned out—after her training course in life!



When Mae West was haled into court over "Pleasure Man," she fought the case long and bitterly. Below, you see her on the witness stand in March, 1930. The jury disagreed

Acme



Acme

Her first play, "Sex," cost Mae West nine days in the workhouse in 1927. When she left, Warden Schleth (above) called her "a fine woman." And she kept on being an outspoken one

emotion. Mae has none of it. She simply does not believe it "good business" to talk about the less-sensational things of her life when there is so much of the more-sensational to discuss—so many unique successes.

Mae told me, "I think only of myself. I never feel envy or hatred or wish anyone else bad luck because I never think about anyone else. When a person thinks only of himself, he saves himself a lot of trouble."

That sounds like conceit. Strangely enough, it isn't. Conceit is like envy and hatred and greed—an entirely personal emotion. When Mae says she thinks only of herself, again she is speaking of the impersonal—the public institution that she has built of herself to entertain others and has fought to preserve intact.

It is difficult to understand this; I realize that. It has taken me many weeks of intensive study of her

(*Continued on page 62*)

Flash! How Otto Kruger Got to the Top!



C. S. Bull

It is "the red flash" in Otto Kruger that has made him do most of the things he has done. "The red flash in you," he says, "is often mistaken for genius. It IS genius when it is not subdued, when it is not kept within bounds"

Otto Kruger has long been famous on Broadway, but he's a new sensation to the screen. And no wonder, you'll say, after reading this story—in which he reveals himself as no one else could!

By Faith Service

"I ONCE smashed an exquisite stained-glass window," Otto Kruger told me, "for no good reason. I just wanted to. I felt like it. I took up a piece of rock and let it fly, completely demolishing the lovely thing. I knew that the window was beautiful. I knew that to destroy it was an act of stupid vandalism. I did it just the same. I was very young and—*it was the red flash in me!*

"You've probably had the impulse now and again to raise your voice suddenly in church and let out an ungodly yell? Most of us have. Well, some few of us *do it*.

"More than once, I have boarded an outgoing steamer on the very spur of the moment, sailing for the Argentine, for Alaska, anywhere—minus luggage, leaving no word behind, having had no pre-conceived idea of such an action. I just went. *It was the red flash in me.*

"The same red flash made me break all family precedent and go on the stage, forsaking my career as a musician, my career as an engineer, breaking my father's pride in his only son, good old German master of the household that he was, descendant of Oom Paul Krueger of Boer War fame.

"There is a funny, yet poignant little incident connected with this. When I left home to go on the stage—and home was Toledo, Ohio, where my father was an accountant—I took the 'e' out of my name. It would salve my father's injured pride, that deletion. Now, at any rate, the names would not be the same. Six years later, I went back to play in Cleveland, Ohio. My father and sisters came over from Toledo to see me. Noblesse oblige, as it were. My father and I walked to the theatre together. There was my name—Otto Kruger—in electrics. I saw my father square his shoulders and set his mouth in the way he had when his dignity was offended.

"He saw the play. He came back to my dressing-room afterwards. We walked out of the theatre and again he glanced up at the name. He said, 'I see, son, that you have still left the "e" out of our name.' I said yes, I thought it would make him feel better. We walked on for a bit and then he said, 'Why don't you put it back?' That was all. That was his way of telling me that his pride in me was restored. Pretty sweet, wasn't it?

Proposed at First Sight

"IT was the red flash in me that made me propose to my wife the first time I took her out.

"The red flash in you, you see, is often mistaken for genius. It IS genius when it is not subdued, when it is not kept within

(*Continued on page 74*)

Who Is She?

Tallulah Bankhead, back from Broadway? You're wrong. Marlene Dietrich, in a meditatin' mood? Wrong again. She's a bit like the Bankhead-Dietrich dames—but this little "find" is Rosemary Ames. (No relation to Adrienne.) She's from Illinois by way of London, where she made a stage name for herself (like Tallul'). But if you think she's going to be a carbon copy of anyone—watch out for "Disillusion." It's her first picture—and in it she's an original!

Portrait by Otto Dyar

Hi There, Duchess!

Jeanette MacDonald doesn't put ON airs; she puts them ACROSS. But they're calling her "Duchess" just the same—and Jeanette is trying to figure out why. What's that? She's scheduled to play "The Duchess of Delmonico's"? Ah, that explains it! And it's a nice, soft nest this songbird has —even without Chevalier. When she isn't a queen, she's a princess or something else noble. And when she isn't busy at her own studio, she's wanted at another. Edward G. Robinson wanted her to be his Empress in "Napoleon"



Portrait by C. S. Bull





Bing Crosby (left) has Gable staggering as a Great Lover. The girls go ga-ga over that husky love-call of his. He's a box-office sensation. Rivals are springing up—but not one can imitate him. He proves it that in "We're Not Dressing," with Ethel Merman

Vocal Boys Make Good



Dick Powell (above) said it with songs to Ruby Keeler—and they both became stars. He's in "Wonder Bar" now. Rudy Vallee (right), still the Romeo of Radio, is facing cameras again — by popular demand — in "George White's Scandals"





Russ Columbo (far right), the Latin Lover of the Air, is heading for stardom in "Love Life of a Crooner." Arthur Jarrett (near right) put across "Everything I Have Is Yours" in "Dancing Lady." Now he's in "Let's Fall in Love"

Did You Ever See A Dream Smiling?

Well, we did—and here she is. Her name is Evelyn Venable. Producers have been dreaming for years of finding such a girl—a young girl with great beauty, great talent, great charm and fine intelligence. She's only twenty now—but at eighteen she was Walter Hampden's leading lady on the stage. Totally unspoiled, she was the ideal choice for the rôle of the convent girl in "Cradle Song." In her latest, "Strange Holiday," she turns her eyes on Fredric March —and both live a dream, smiling!

Britain's New Queen Bess

Elizabeth Allan is on her way to becoming a Great Briton. She is already a pert and pretty one—crowding Diana Wynyard for the title of Hollywood's Favorite English Actress. A tough break—illness—cost her the rôle of John Barrymore's spirited daughter in "Long Lost Father." But she's plenty healthy in "Mystery of the Dead Police" and "Men in White"!

Adolphe makes old boy Brummell look like a back number. Even the Prince of Wales isn't in his class, so the tailors say. They just voted Adolphe one of the ten best-dressed men in the world—and cut the Prince cold. Anyway, he looks like a polished Parisian in "Journal of a Crime." Next he stacks up against another smooth dresser — George Raft — in "The Trumpet Blows"



Portraits by Elmer Fryer

Beau Menjou



Blondes Who Prefer the Same Gents

Above, you have a Blonde Doll (her name is Claire Dodd)—and at the right you have a Blondell (Joan is the name). Both are smooth, blonded stuff—the intoxicating kind that gentlemen prefer. And they seem to have a knack of getting in each other's wavy hair. Remember "Footlight Parade"? Well, they are together now in "Hit Me Again"—and fighting over Warren William.



Portraits by Elmer Fryer

Yes, Suh! YOUNG Love Thrills JANET!



Janet Gaynor has known young love before—but not Robert Young love. And is she in Seventh Heaven? Just look at that gorgeous grin! Just look at how dreamy they both get in "Carolina" under that famous moon! But she hasn't forgotten Charlie Farrell. NO, suh! As you will see in "The Sun Shines Bright"

Delicate—
Delightful—
Del Rio

Dolores Del Rio gets sad—like this—when the music stops and the dance is ended. For dancing isn't just a pleasure with Dolores; it's a passion. Did you see her tango with Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio"? Well, that's just a sample! She's bound to step out and be one of the wonders of Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar." And can't you picture her as an Aztec princess in "The Rise and Fall of Montezuma"—conquering Cortez, the conqueror of Old Mexico?

HOLLYWOOD STARTS a Big Clean-Up

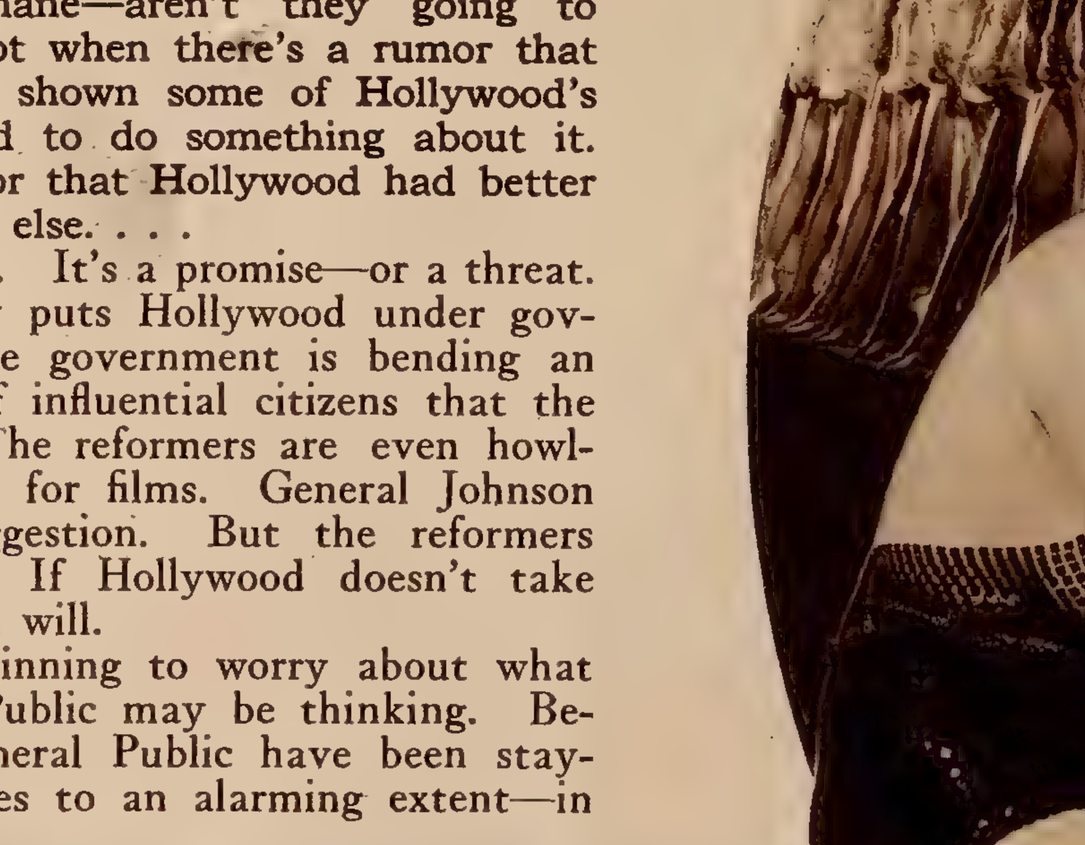
By DOROTHY CALHOUN

THOSE teasing pictures of screen actresses in air-cooled undies, sex-appeal queens in cut-away bathing suits and chorus cuties in gauze and cellophane—aren't they going to be taken any more? Not when there's a rumor that Congress is going to be shown some of Hollywood's choicest "art" and asked to do something about it. Not when there's a rumor that Hollywood had better "clean up" in a hurry or else. . . .

It's more than a rumor. It's a promise—or a threat. For the NRA practically puts Hollywood under government control—and the government is bending an ear to the complaints of influential citizens that the movies are sex-crazy. The reformers are even howling for a Federal censor for films. General Johnson says "No" to that suggestion. But the reformers have other suggestions. If Hollywood doesn't take them, maybe Washington will.

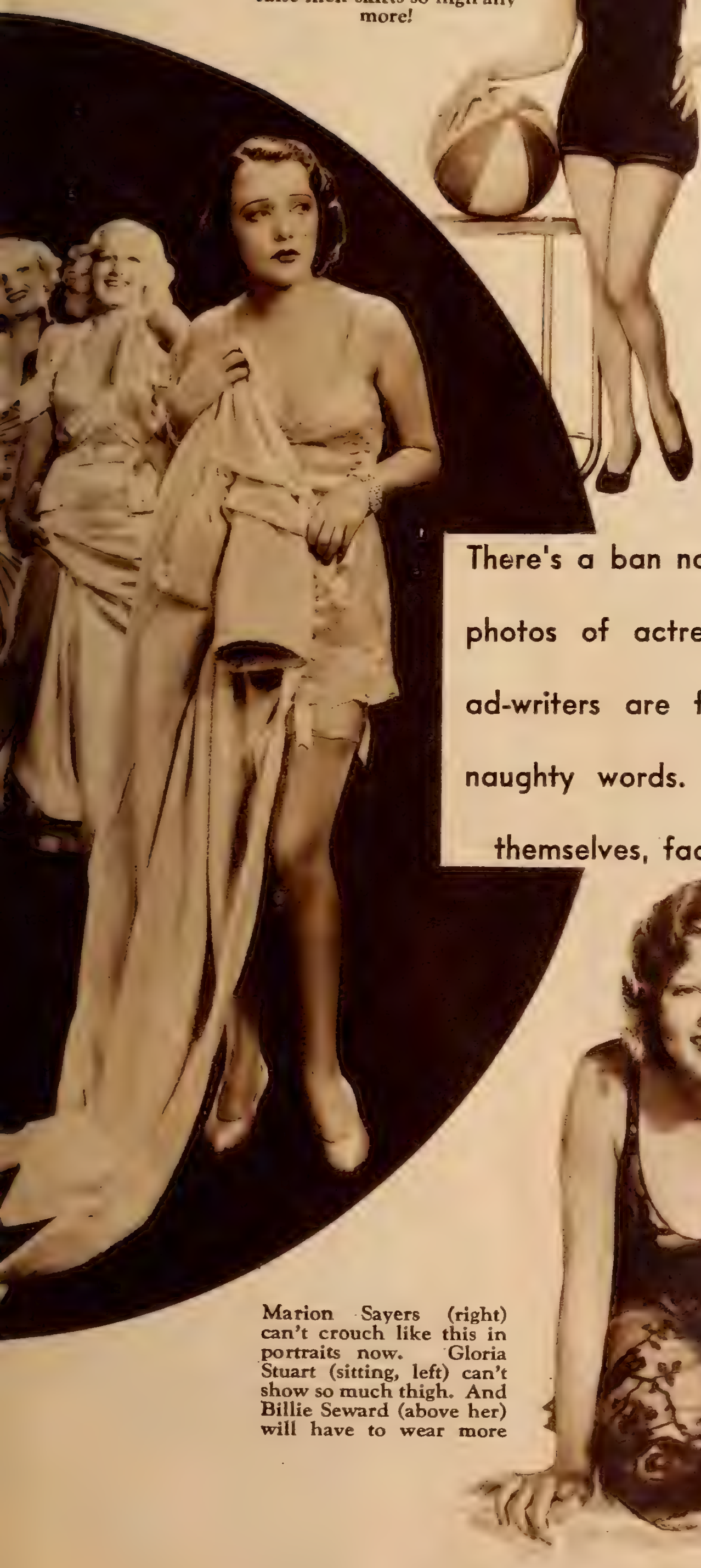
And Hollywood is beginning to worry about what Mr. and Mrs. General Public may be thinking. Because Mr. and Mrs. General Public have been staying away from the movies to an alarming extent—in spite of the most frenzied adjectives and the hottest nouns the ad-writers and publicity men could think of to describe new pictures. When people won't pay fifty cents to see "Lessons in Love! Scarlet Sin! Sex-sational Eyefuls! Burning Passion!"—well, it's obvious that something must be wrong. Maybe the public is surfeited with sex. Maybe it would be good business *not* to be "sex-sational," for a change. Look at the business "Little Women" did!

Anyway, Hollywood is cleaning house. More for business reasons than moral rea-



This portrait of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil" is something to remember—even when you turn it upside down. Photographs of "horizontal" love scenes are now banned!

Portraits in lingerie (like the one of Bebe Daniels, below) are banned, though bathing suit "art" is still okay—if the suits are demure, like Miriam Jordan's (right). And chorines can't raise their skirts so high any more!



There's a ban now on extra-sexy photos of actresses — and the ad-writers are forgetting those naughty words. Even pictures, themselves, face a clean-up!



Marion Sayers (right) can't crouch like this in portraits now. Gloria Stuart (sitting, left) can't show so much thigh. And Billie Seward (above her) will have to wear more

sons, maybe—but it's getting busy with soap and scrubbing brush. From every studio rise the flames of photographs condemned to the incinerators—probably the hottest flames ever produced by the application of a match. Dust clouds drift from offices where promotion men and ad-writers are frantically shaking suggestive words and phrases out of their files. Such smoldering terms as "courtesan," "street-walker," "light lady" and "adultery" are being dropped into steel waste-baskets. In the background, Will Hays directs operations. . . .

Where the Clean-Up Started

TO date, the cleansing has been aimed at the wording of film advertising and at "still" pictures of love scenes, publicity poses and fashion art of more or less unclad ladies. If this seems rather like sweeping more important matters out of sight under the carpet and neglecting the dirt in the corners and under the bed, it is a beginning, at least.

Some of the studios have suffered more than others from the sudden onslaught of mops and brooms. RKO, for example—with the glass bathtub scenes and lingerie-clad chorus girls of "Flying Down to Rio"—has been hard hit. Fifty stills of the fan dancers in Warner Brothers' "Wonder Bar" and the same number of pictures of the silhouette chorus number in "Fashions of 1934" were withdrawn from circulation, despite the fact that the girls wore tights and brassieres under the filmy chiffon drapery. "Shots" of Sally Rand's fan maneuvers that show more than an inch or two of Sally above the knee come under the ban. No publicity photograph of *any* kind can be released for publication without the official stamp of approval of the Hays Office.

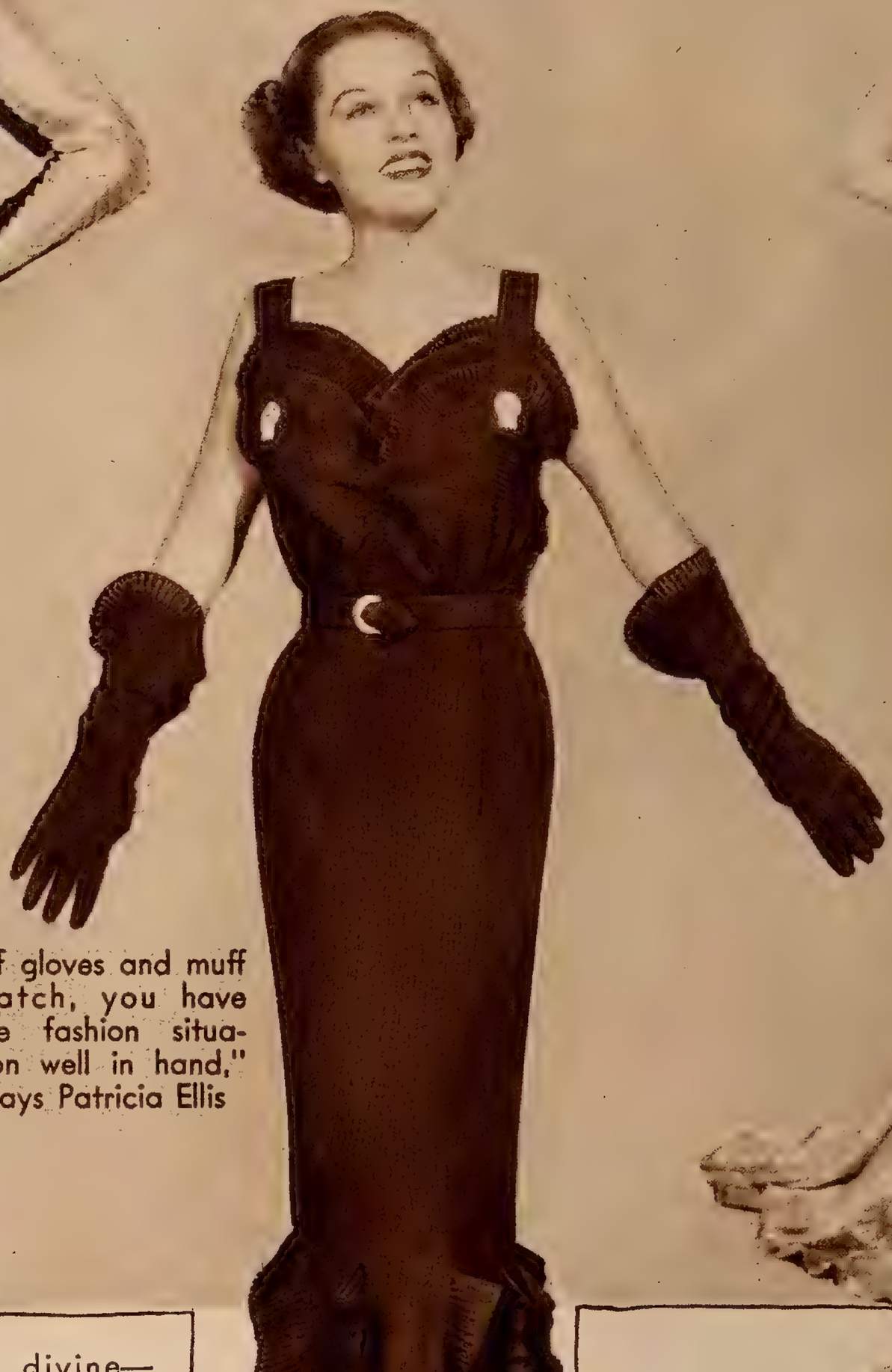
Last year, huge billboards in front of Warner Brothers' Studio flaunted posters of curvacious cuties in the semi-nude in "Footlight Parade." Two months ago, luscious stills of Godiva-like ladies of the chorus in "Roman Scandals," dressed only in long blonde hair, were eagerly peddled to the press. But those days are gone forever—or, at least, until Washington turns its attention to matters far removed from the movies.

Mrs. Roosevelt, it is whispered with increasing alarm, is going to visit Hollywood soon to look into things (unofficially) in behalf of the women's clubs of America. One producer groaned the other day, "If she sees some of our sets—Gawd!" He mopped the dew of desperation from his brow. "We're cleaning up at our

(*Continued on page* 68)

Now, go to it, girls! For the young ones who have tried, but in vain, to acquire that sophisticated look, we present (left) Barbara Stanwyck's formal suit of black sheer crêpe, for them to copy. Its long, molded skirt is topped off by an open front, revealing a silver vestee. The sleeves are trimmed with criss-crossed silver braid





"If gloves and muff match, you have the fashion situation well in hand," says Patricia Ellis





Too, too divine—that describes Patricia (right) in her green crêpe outfit with matching hip-length jacket (left), gloves and muff

Here's what not to wear if you are still this side of twenty and girlish. But if you are the siren type, Merna Kennedy's heavily beaded, blue crêpe gown (upper right) and cape (right), bordered with white fox, were meant for you



SOME ARE LONG, SOME ARE SHORT— SOME ARE FORMAL, SOME ARE SPORT

We usually see Margaret Lindsay and other beauties wearing long, flowing gowns, so it seems good to get a look at some trim ankles for once. Margaret's sport dress of loose basket-weave wool, in brown and white plaid, reveals a natty pair

What's this (below)? Barbara Stanwyck "horning in" on men's fashions? All well-dressed men now own at least one checked sports jacket. Babs thinks it's a swell idea for the girls, too. Hers is of black-and-white checked wool with nipped-in waistline and faked pockets

You can brave those chilly mornings of early Spring with a two-piece woolen sport outfit such as Patricia Ellis is wearing (right). Green, black, white and gray make up the dress material and the fringed-edge neckerchief, worn on the black jacket. Very smart!

Found! A new way to wear a scarf. It's Adele Thomas' own idea—that of "rolling her own" and wearing it across the front of a wool outfit

GLAMOUR GUARANTEED

Just 15c. buys each



Bette Davis



Ruby Keeler



Kay Francis

MOVIE CLASSIC'S
Hollywood Pattern Service,
Hollywood Pattern Co.,
Greenwich, Conn.

Please find enclosed.....Send me Hollywood Patterns

Nos.	Sizes
.....	.....
.....	.....
.....	.....

Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered by mail, separately 15c.

Hollywood Pattern Book, when ordered with a pattern, 10c.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



599—Bette Davis has her picture on this pattern. Bette learned that a girl without dash was a girl without a job. And this frock has plenty of dash. For 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Size 18 takes 4 yards of 39-inch fabric.

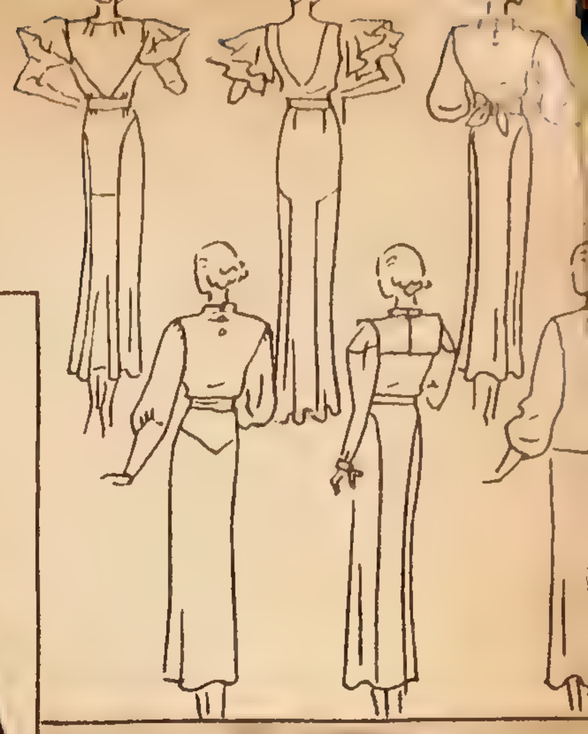
587 — Ruby Keeler knows that shy sweetness and an elfin grin are roads to success. This frock brings out the clinging vine in every girl. It's simple, effective. In 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Size 18, 4 1/8 yds. of 39-inch fabric.

603—Dramatic dignity is Kay Francis' outstanding trait. This one-piece frock has just that element. It depends on its fine lines for its effect—and gets it. In 32 to 42. Size 36, 4 1/8 yds. of 39-inch fabric.

Hollywood Patterns Make Smartly

stunning Hollywood Pattern







Dorothea Wieck



Carole Lombard

Ruth Chatterton

602—Dorothea Wieck is like a fresh breeze. She chooses pretty clothes that don't obscure her personality. That's why her picture is on this pattern for a street frock. In 32 to 40; size 36, 2⅝ yds. of 54-inch fabric.

630 — Carole Lombard, a piquant personality, goes "quaint" every now and again. So does this little runabout frock with its big white collar. It is for 32 to 40. Size 38, 4⅛ yds. of 39-inch fabric.

635—Ruth Chatterton is the girl who believes in just being herself. This little ensemble reflects just this quality of naturalness — and it's useful as well. In 34 to 48. Size 36, 5 yds. of 39-inch fabric.

Styled, Accurately Sized Clothes



Idealistic

If you need any convincing that George Raft is a Great Lover, just see "All of Me"! He'll tear your heart out—and so will Helen Mack—living a love that knows no selfishness or jealousy or pettiness, and defying Fate to part them

What's a Stooge?
Ted Healy Tells You!



By Robert Fender

Ted Healy, the man who made the United States stooge-conscious, had just finished a scene with Robert Montgomery in a picture when I cornered him. I had been hanging around some time, waiting to get the answer to "What is a stooge?" So when I sprang it on him he replied:

"A stooge is a *****! ///// ---- ### !!!!!——"

"*Wait* a minute, Ted," I soft-pedaled. "We can't print that. Give me a definition I can use in the magazine!"

Ted scratched his head. "It's going to be tough to give you a definition of a stooge in decent language," he pleaded, "but here's a go. A stooge is a guy who never has a light for a cigarette he is trying to borrow.

"A stooge is something that's there when you look around. It's a sort of something—something awful." He shuddered. "Something really awful, like *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde* without the *Dr. Jekyll*. A stooge is two helpings of awful. A stooge is something that, when you dream about it, you have to get up and turn on the lights.

"All of us," Ted continued, "have a little stooge in us. If our Mr. Mayer and President Roosevelt are walking down the street, one of them's a stooge, but if Mr. Mayer reads this, I'm only joking."

"What do you call your stooges?"

"I call 'em N. R. A. because, like prosperity, they're always around the corner when I want 'em. But my stooges ought to get along fine in Hollywood. They have lots of company. This is Stooge Center here, the land where all good little stooges go. If," he added, "they're real, real good or bad. All my stooges have to do here is keep real quiet and pretty soon they'll all be supervisors."

"Where," I asked, "did you find your stooges?"

(*Continued on page 63*)

This is Ted Healy. You can tell him by his hat. The three lads who are practically in his hair are his "stooges." Between them, they have brought a brand-new kind of clowning to films!



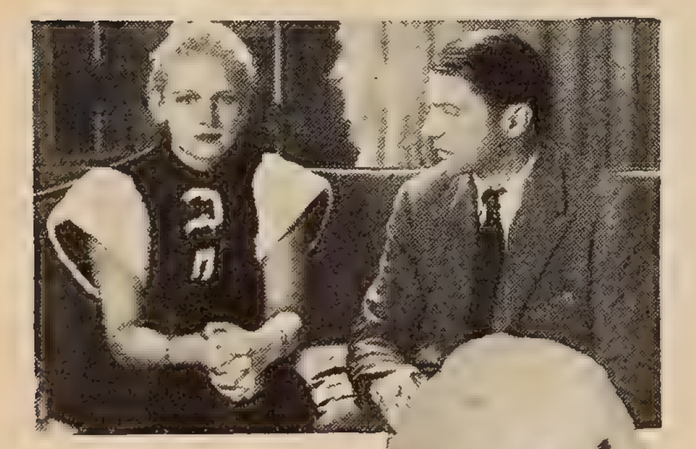
"QUEEN CHRISTINA"



"FASHIONS OF 1934"



"MAN OF TWO WORLDS"



"GALLANT LADY"

Be Sure to See "QUEEN CHRISTINA"!

Says LARRY REID,

Who Reviews The Latest Films

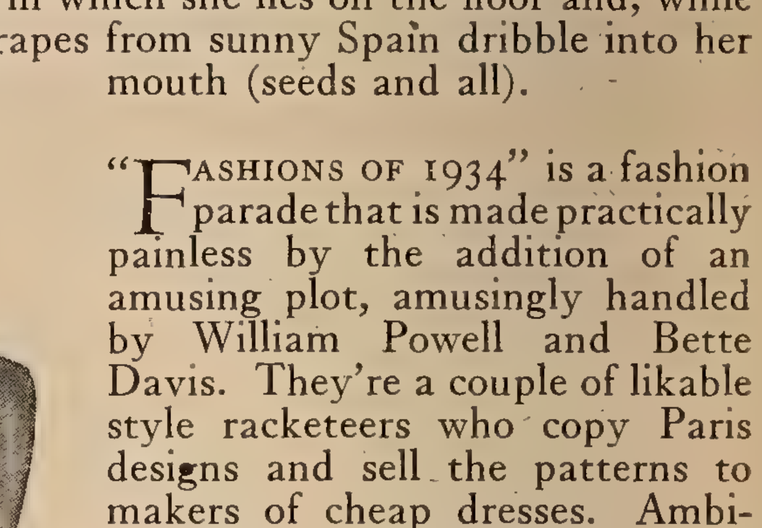
THE best picture of the month—there isn't any debate about it—is "QUEEN CHRISTINA," which brings back Greta Garbo, the movie queen of queens. In case you have forgotten, there is only one Garbo. She proves it to you superbly in the best performance she has yet given in talkies. But she's a far different Greta from the one you saw last. She has shed her languor and her secret sorrows and is less an exotic automaton; she is alive, alert, eager, human. She even laughs out loud. And she has John Gilbert as her lover again. That fact, however, is not so important as the fact that she has Rouben Mamoulian, an expert mood-manufacturer, as her director.

The setting is early Sweden. The young queen, Christina, who has been brought up as a boy by her war-like father, travels the countryside incognito, in boyish garb. It is thus that she first meets the Spanish envoy (Gilbert) and fools him into believing that she is a boy until the crowded condition of a snow-bound inn forces them to share a room. For three memorable days (and nights) they also share a great love, which is climaxed by her promise to return to Sunny Spain with him. He goes on to Stockholm, to offer a marriage proposal from his monarch to Christina—and makes the astounding discovery that Christina was his companion of the inn. Tragedy begins to stalk their romance. . . .

Gilbert, wearing long hair, is strangely self-conscious and stiff; he can't seem to let go of himself and flash the old Gilbert fire. But there's nothing wrong with his voice. Ian Keith, looking more like Gilbert than John, himself, turns in an effortless performance as Gilbert's rival and the villain of the piece. Lewis Stone and C. Aubrey Smith are also convincing. But no one is so real and so vibrant as Garbo—even in a long and painful scene in which she lies on the floor and, while John gapes in pardonable wonder, lets grapes from sunny Spain dribble into her mouth (seeds and all).

"FASHIONS OF 1934" is a fashion parade that is made practically painless by the addition of an amusing plot, amusingly handled by William Powell and Bette Davis. They're a couple of likable style racketeers who copy Paris designs and sell the patterns to makers of cheap dresses. Ambition sends them scooting over to Paris, where Powell's suave bluffing almost makes him a king of fashion—until he turns show producer,

(*Continued on page 80*)



Above, scene from "EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT." Left, Lilian Harvey in a scene from "I AM SUZANNE"

"Waiting for summer"

costs you comfort and loveliness now!



Mrs. John A. McVickar, Jr., of New York City, showing her Eugene Permanent Wave given in late November, 1933. Mrs. McVickar says, "*The social season is twelve months long, and I want my hair* permanently *waved all through it. Thanks to Eugene, it is that way!*"

American women have a peculiar habit that chic Parisiennes and smart Londoners cannot understand. Over there, they keep their hair permanently waved all year long, so that their curls and undulations seem entirely natural *always.* Over here, some women think that permanent waves are only for summer-time convenience...and spend the rest of the year fussing with new-grown straight hair!

Don't wait for summer. Go to a hairdresser who does genuine Eugene Waving; enjoy the comfort, the convenience, the *beauty* of your Eugene Permanent Wave now*...and throughout the year.

All better hairdressers have new Eugene equipment that enables them to give you flattering waves and curls two or three times a year, as your straight hair grows in. They have special Eugene "Reverse-spiral" Sachets to take care of your short hair, and to make those smart little ringlets. They use genuine Eugene Sachets, approved by Good Housekeeping and identified by the Eugene trademark, "The Goddess of the Wave."

Be sure to see this trademark on the Sachets used. Then you can be certain that yours is a perfect Eugene Permanent Wave... preferred the world over!

Eugene, Ltd., New York, London, Paris and Barcelona.

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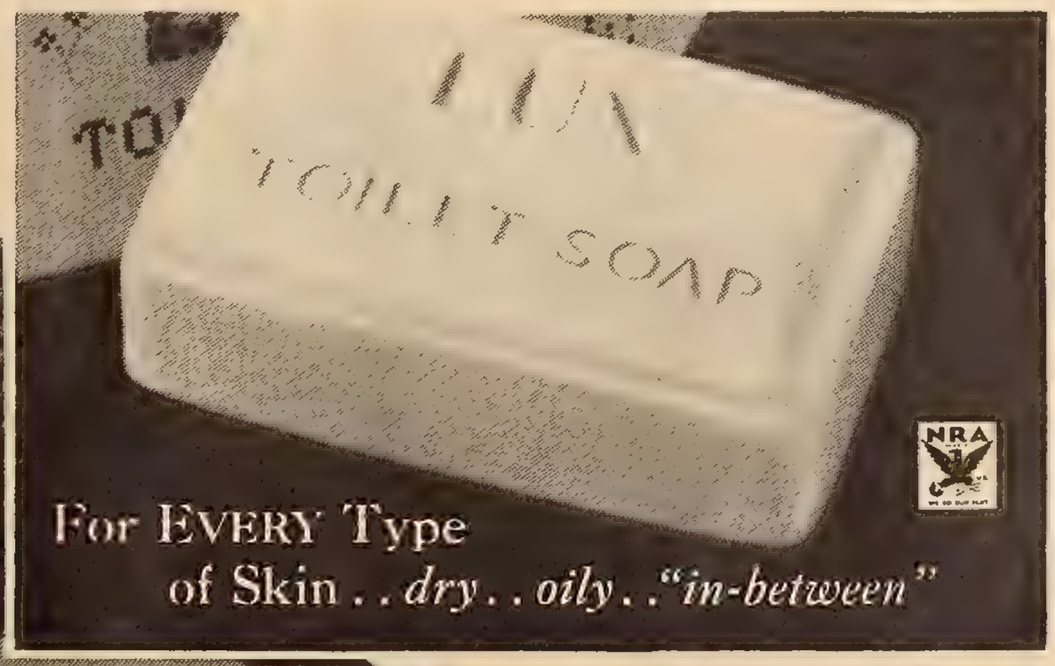




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Will Garbo Marry Her Director?

(*Continued from page 23*)

real reason for this tenseness between the two men was—Greta Garbo! When John Gilbert cried, dramatically, "I'm an actor! You can't tell me how to act!", studio gossips whispered, he was playing up to an audience, the remote, and beautiful woman whom he had once loved. Now, Hollywood wonders if his being with Garbo again could have led, in any way, to his subsequent separation from his wife, the former Virginia Bruce.

And now Greta Garbo and her director were seen openly together. They played tennis often, they dined and lunched at the Russian Eagle. How much in love the great Garbo must have been to make this dramatic departure from her rigid rule of seclusion and avoidance of publicity! And as the picture progressed, so did the apparent romance of the sensitive dark Armenian and the sensitive blonde Swede.

Wanted Even More Privacy

THE sombre Garbo's home was not sufficiently secluded. A ten-acre estate in the bottom of a Santa Monica canyon seemed a better place for loneliness—or love. Here she would be protected from the ever-staring public by tall cypresses. Behind the trees a wire fence topped with barbs and a stone wall further discouraged intrusion. Huge iron gates, double-padlocked, and four fierce police dogs were the final touch. Truly, Garbo wants to be alone, to be ultra-private in her private life.

But there is one man for whom the padlocked gates open. Often, romance-lovers say, Rouben Mamoulian strides down the avenue of cypresses, and the front door of the white villa opens for him, a welcome dinner guest. You could almost number on the fingers of one hand the chosen few whom that door admits—Maria D'Acosta, Mrs. Salka Viertel, Lew Ayres and Richard Cromwell (they say) and now Mamoulian. Those who enter maintain Garbo's own silence, as though a spell lay over house and famous recluse and the tree-shaded acres where she lives.

But the spell does not touch Rouben Mamoulian's father, the little old man whose pride in his son's close association with the greatest of the great lies back of the statement that startled Hollywood: "My son is going to marry Greta Garbo!"

Hollywood recollects that when the director of "Queen Christina" went house-hunting recently, he did not go alone. Greta Garbo went with him. She helped him choose that spacious Spanish house on Palm Drive with its wide lawns. It cost more than fifty thousand dollars, but why measure romance so sordidly in terms of dollars? Was the architecture not romance itself—were there not alcoves and balconies for a fitting background for the glamourous drama of love?

And the furniture that seemed so much to please the flaxen-haired Swede—the furniture that she helped to pick out, herself, they say—cost fifteen thousand dollars more. Yet how well those massive antique carvings and the Spanish statuary blended with the low, amber lights and soft, velvety rugs!

His Friends Are Her Friends

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN moved with his parents into his new home. They have lived there only a few weeks, but already Russian friends, dropping in to chat, have found there—almost as a member of the family, or perhaps in the rôle of hostess—the woman whom many of them had seen hitherto only on the screen. Greta Garbo, in Mamoulian's drawing room, or at his dinner table, was simple, gracious, friendly. Could such a secret be kept? Of course not. Each proud Russian who met her there and talked with her told his friends.

A group of the artistically minded élite decided to give a play, "Sinless Sinners," translated from Ostrovsky's masterpiece. In the cast was featured Mamoulian's talented mother. And in the darkened house during rehearsals, night after night, Greta Garbo sat beside Actress Mamoulian's son, Rouben. Rather unusual for a star who takes only a passive or purely professional interest in her director!

I have visited that lovely house on Palm Drive. I looked hopefully for photographs, perhaps tenderly inscribed, of the Great Garbo. But if there were any, they were discreetly hidden—as Garbo might prefer. Yet I thought that the house seemed full of her! I left there happy, for were not my friends happy, too? The real love of Greta's life has emerged, I believe, and he is one of us—one of my people. Of course, I am proud!

A few days after I talked with the elder Mamoulian, newspapers all over the country burst forth with front page headlines, telling that Garbo and Mamoulian, under other names, had been "discovered" at the Grand Canyon, had refused to answer "elopement" questions, and had departed in a cloud of dust for an unknown destination. Reporters burrowed into marriage license files throughout Arizona and New Mexico, but did not find what they were seeking.

The next day, the star and the director arrived back in Hollywood and reporters managed to get in touch with Mamoulian by telephone. To their surprise, they found him affable, willing to talk up to a certain limit, and amused by all the "stir" that had been created ("all for nothing," he added). For, said he, they were not married and had no marriage plans. They had just been on "a little vacation trip" and hadn't had any idea that their holiday would cause so much excitement.

He was asked, point-blank, if they might have talked about marriage—and if they might possibly be in love. Mamoulian ironically chided his questioner. Wasn't that question a bit too personal? The same day he wired friends in New York: "I am still a bachelor."

But everything seems to point to the conclusion that they *are* in love—and that, if they aren't married already or by the time you read this, they will be one of these days.

But I wonder if the Caucasian Genius known now to all as Rouben Mamoulian, is destined to be relegated to stand hereafter in the shadow of his wife's fame, to be known as "Greta Garbo's husband"? Or if they marry, will she fling her career aside, with the disdainful gesture of queens, for "that little house which is every Swedish woman's dream"?

And that beautiful home that she helped select—must Papa Mamoulian, who was too happy to keep a secret, come back to it only as a visitor? He is so nice, this fine old man, too nice to be just a relation, like Garbo's uncle, who chauffeurs a taxi back in her native Sweden.

We shall see. Perhaps Papa Mamoulian may yet attend a movie where Metro's lion will roar as a prelude to the appearance of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Rouben Mamoulian, in her newest feature picture!

Who can tell? Strange things happen in Hollywood.

Take a headache for example



MAYBE YOU OVER INDULGED the night before—possibly it was something you ate. You wake up with a throbbing head. Your alkaline reserve is lowered. You feel depressed and loggy.

Then you take Bromo-Seltzer—drink it as it fizzes in the glass. See what happens! As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why Bromo-Seltzer so promptly gives relief from gas on the stomach.

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Before you know it, your head clears . . . the pain is gone . . . you feel refreshed—like a new person!

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Remember, too, you take Bromo-Seltzer as a *liquid*—therefore it works much faster.

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NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Doug, Jr., Speaks Up for His Dad—and Himself

(*Continued from page 21*)

would be seeing him in a few weeks. . . .

"But about these rumors and reports that have circulated since we went over to England. We have been misquoted and we have been misunderstood. I'm going to tell you what this change in my life has really and actually done for me. I'm going to tell you the facts in place of the fiction.

"The most important thing is—it has given me my father. I mean, it has given me a knowledge of and a friendship with my father for the first time. It has given my father his son. The relationship is a bit inverted, perhaps, since *I* am the father and *he* is the son. But that really doesn't matter. What does matter is that we are *friends*. If no relationship whatever existed between us, we would still be friends. There is, actually, little trace of the father-and-son relationship between us. What there is, is upside down. He is the one who asks *me* for advice on what he should do about this or say about that.

Barrier Between Them Broken

"WHEN I was a kid, I both hated and adored my father. I adored him as a fan, as other boys did, of course—for his athleticism, his gallantry, the sort of splendor he had, and has. I hated him because, I think, we couldn't seem to manage to get together. I think that was because we were both too young. I was much too young to know how to make the first advances, establish a contact. He was much too young to have a son at all.

"As I grew older, there was the fact that he represented an obstacle to me. He was not an asset; he was a liability. He didn't want me to go on the screen. He disinherited me two or three times. Frantically ambitious as I was and even more frantically individualistic, I resented bitterly the fact that I was Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, to his Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. And that everything I did, or attempted to do, must appear only the pale, copybook reflection of the son mounting the steps of the ladder his father had already scaled. There are more obstacles to the pathway of success and achievement than starving dramatically on a park bench. Not that I underrate that special obstacle, at all. It would, however, have been plainer sailing and less heartache for me if I had been born the son of John Jones, plumber.

"Perhaps we might never have found one another in Hollywood. Pete is extremely shy. He has never grown up. And he is the most un-social man I know, amazing though this may sound. I am amused when I read some of the highly fictionized accounts of his numerous and glittering social activities. I can only tell you that on many occasions when I have wanted to locate him for something I've finally tracked him down on some golf links and found him playing—alone.

What They Call Each Other

"YOU want to know why I call him Pete. Well, we couldn't go around calling each other Douglas or Doug. If I called him Doug, I sounded as if I were talking to myself. That went for him, too. So I asked him one day what he would like to be called if his name were not Douglas. He said, 'Oh, I don't know—Pete, I guess.' I said, 'Pete let it be.' So Pete it is—and ever shall be. I couldn't, you know, call him Dad or Father, either. It didn't FIT. And it would have sounded too amusing if he had called *me* Dad. So, I call him Pete and he calls me Jay-ar—that's short for Junior—and everything's jake. I sign all of my letters and cables to him 'Jay-ar.'

"We take trips together now and then and, when we do, we have the most uproariously ridiculous times together. You've heard of people rolling on the floor with laughter? Well, we DO it. We have more fun together than any two men I know of. There is no age distinction. There are no leading strings and no compulsions. That's why we are friends. I think Pete gets a kick out of the fact that I manage my own affairs, my own unit of United Artists, without either advice or counsel from him. He's fond of saying, when I've done a picture or put across some piece of business, 'Jay-ar does it all, himself!'

"This is the first and most important thing my getting out of the old routine has done for me. *It has made me a friend who happens to be my father.*

Why He Went Abroad

"THE second thing is a purely business matter. I am extremely fond of England, of course. But it is not solely because of my fondness for it that I am there. It is utterly preposterous, this story about our planning to become English citizens. The talk of this in the American press has been misunderstanding and misquotation from beginning to end. The talk of our hob-nobbing with royalty is equally ridiculous. Lords and ladies are as numerous in England as are country squires. People over there are not rated for the titles they bear or for the occupations they follow. They are rated and accepted socially for what they are as individuals.

"There are members of the nobility who are not accepted socially at all. And a cinema star is of no more interest and arouses no more curiosity than does a barrister or a doctor or a merchant, unless he happens to be an interesting or amusing individual in himself. They like Pete in London. I hope they like me. They like all Americans. They are the most friendly people in the world. They feel, and rightly, that the English-speaking peoples should stick together, without jealousy, without criticism or suspicion.

"No, I have done what I have done because I realized that if I did not make some sort of break, get out of the factory, break away from the processing method now and then, I would become just another juvenile actor with a series of ups and downs reading like a graph. It *was* like that.

"In the long run, the downs win. They always do. I'd have a few good parts, like the one with Kate Hepburn in 'Morning Glory,' for instance, and I'd be UP. I'd have some poor ones and I'd be DOWN. There was nothing I could do about it. And I take my work with the most extreme seriousness; I want terrifically to do something that really matters.

"I wrote my first novel, taking a year or more to the job. When I had it finished—I tore it up. It didn't measure up, I thought, to what a first novel should be. I want to be able to scrap any sort of work or any sort of working condition that seems likely to stamp me with mediocrity. . . .

Says They're On a Location Trip

"OUR working in England really means just this—we are on an extended location trip. We are an American company making pictures with and through an American organization, the United Artists. And we are making them in England be-

cause, for the swashbuckling, historical type of pictures we are interested in making, the locales and the atmosphere are there—or nearby. We do not have to build them. In England, we are exactly like other companies and other stars who go to Death Valley or Alaska or New York for the shots and conditions they need.

"We are not taking American money out of America. We are releasing through United Artists, which means money in the exchanges here, as well as there. I make two pictures a year over there. I will make one or two pictures a year here in Hollywood, depending on the stories I can get. In between pictures, both here and there, I shall do a play in New York. I believe that by this method of working and commuting, of not confining myself to any one studio or any one spot on the map, I can succeed in getting the things that are right for me. I shall have some power of selectivity.

"Pete is making 'Adios, Don Juan.' His locations call for Spain. He can *go* to Spain. This sort of possibility makes the production of a picture that much more worth while to him. He is not primarily interested, any longer, in making pictures for the sake of making them. If and when he finds a story that peculiarly and particularly appeals to him, he will do it. We are about to make one together. But unless he finds stories he is keen about, he will confine his attention to the business end of the business, which really appeals to him more.

He Makes a Prophecy

"THERE are certain types of thing we can do better over there. 'The Private Life of Henry, the Eighth' for an example. They could have built the Tower of London on the back lot of any studio, of course—but how much better to do the picture where the Tower of London really is. It was the same with 'Catherine the Great,' which I just finished over there.

"On the other hand, there are other pictures that can be made only in Hollywood. Joan's latest, 'Dancing Lady,' for instance. And swell entertainment it is, too. I stopped off in Chicago to see it and got a big kick out of it. Then, there are 'Hollywood Party' and 'Going Hollywood' and 'The Blonde Bombshell' and lots of others that couldn't have been made anywhere else.

"But, anyway, why should movies be insular? Why should any art be confined to one bit of territory? No other art *is*, when you stop to think about it. Writers are not limited to one country. Artists do not paint on so many square miles of area, only. I think that, in time, more companies, more people will come to do what we are doing now. And when they do, it will not be said of them that they deserted their country or turned their backs on their old friends. It will be the simple and factual matter of *going on location*, seeking out the backgrounds and the atmosphere best adapted to the special type of picture they are making.

"And so, out of all the welter of reports and rumors I have read and heard about Pete and myself, I can only sum up our 'case' by repeating to you, that I have found a great friend and I hope I am on the way to finding myself . . . I can give you more on this in about two years—after the experimental stage is over."

DID YOU KNOW THAT, if they hold to present plans, the picture that the two Fairbankses will make together will show Doug, Sr., as *Zorro* again and Doug, Jr., as *Zorro's* son?



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What you should clearly have in mind is this: *there are two kinds of mouth antiseptics.* One kind kills germs when used full strength. It should *not* be mixed with water—even in equal parts.

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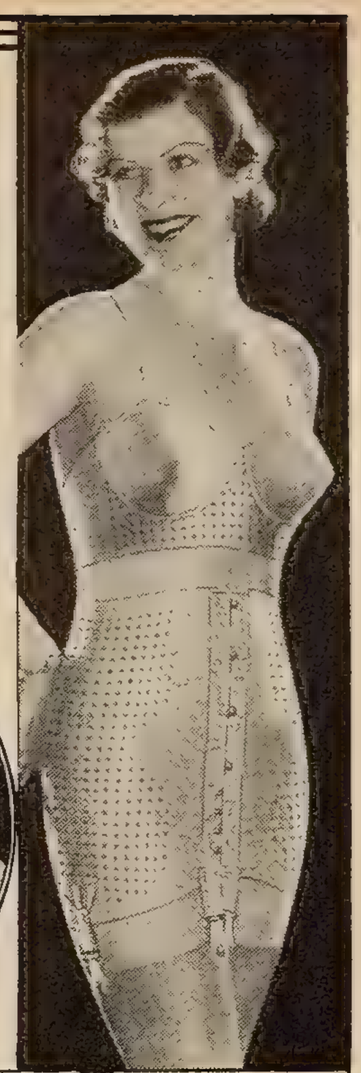
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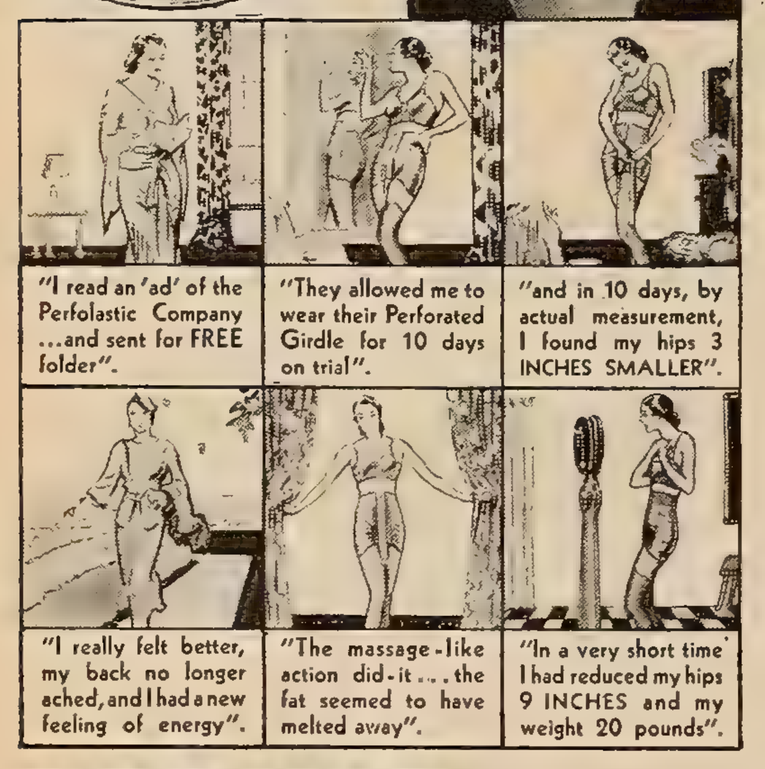
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What Rudy Says About Women Now

(*Continued from page 27*)

the dictates of his own intuition in this last union.

"I wanted to keep secret my marriage to Miss Webb," he said. "It was only through the announcement made by Miss Webb's father and herself—and this is something that I have never told any of your newspaper colleagues before—that news of the marriage was made public.

"As a matter of fact, I had no desire for marriage. I was sure it could not be happy. I knew that I should not marry Fay, but at the insistence of her father and herself, we were married. It was not," with a short laugh, "a shotgun marriage, or anything like that. It was a marriage that I had hoped to keep secret in an effort to bring the maximum of happiness to a union that seemed doomed from the outset."

Brunettes Are His Weakness

MIDDLING tall and handsome, this young man has amassed a considerable fortune in his early thirties by the unbeatable combination of talent, concentration and hard work. Working around the clock from noon until far into the early hours of the morning, he has allowed himself but one vice. And that is brunettes—wise, worldly, sleek-haired, languorous-eyed arched-browed brunettes.

"They're my weakness," he said, with a wan smile. "That's the type I should stay away from. And I don't. That's the type with which I always fall deeply in love."

Some men go in for fast horses, others for strong liquors. Rudy gravitates toward brunettes. That's why, he says (but who can tell?), that cuddlesome, curvy, nineteen-year-old Alice Faye, his musical discovery, will never become the third Mrs. Vallee. She's a blonde. But what a blonde!

"My first wife was a brunette and one of the finest women I can ever hope to meet," he continued. "She had every characteristic that I admire in a woman. I doubt if there are many women like her. She was older than I was, and had a child two years old (by a former marriage) when we were married in 1928.

"The marriage lasted only four days. It was annulled the same year. Since then Leona Cauchois—that was her name—has married a naval officer. And I sincerely hope that she is as happy as she deserves to be. One rarely finds in a woman such beauty of character as she has.

Wanted His Money, Not Him

"I DON'T want to sound as though I have known a great many women. I haven't. I've been too busy working to gather up romantic affairs, but there have been a few who have tried to become so much a part of my life that I could not do without them. And I wanted them to. I want love, like any man or woman. But it didn't take me long to realize they wanted my money, not me.

"Any from Park Avenue? I can honestly tell you that I have seldom, if ever, gone out with a society girl. Most of my acquaintances are in the theatre or show world. I see the girls of the theatrical business more frequently, meet them every day; it is natural that I should become interested, romantically, in the girls of my own profession."

Alice Faye, whose soft young voice is heard whenever Vallee broadcasts, is Rudy's musical protégée. He discovered her through the medium of his New York attorney, who suggested to the pretty chorus girl that she make a record of a popular song. When Rudy heard the voice on the disc, he sent for the girl and she replaced "sax" appeal with sex appeal in his orchestra. But Rudy's interest ends there, so he says.

"Alice is a lovely child, and I am fond of her," said Vallee, in a carefully-worded tribute. "We are not going to marry. She is talented and I am happy to be able to aid in helping her gain recognition."

The recognition includes a four-year contract with Fox Films. (She replaced Lilian Harvey in "Scandals.") Although not yet a glittering star, Miss Faye has enraptured the Fox publicity men so that they describe her as "a dream dreaming of romance." Vallee, however, is inclined to be more realistic about Miss Faye, who was accompanied to the Coast by her mother and brother.

"Alice is not particularly worldly, but she is not unsophisticated. After all, she is Broadway-wise, and certainly not naïve. She has been dancing and singing in New York for a few years, and an intelligent girl singing in night-clubs and cafés, cannot remain unworldly forever."

Far from being disappointed in California, which gave him a courtship, a wife and a long headache, Vallee is anxious to return. He sees in producer Irving Thalberg a life pattern that he would like to follow. In the meantime, Hollywood holds no ghosts for him. It was at the Roosevelt Hotel, during the filming of his first motion picture in the early days of talkies, that he first met beautiful Fay Webb. The romance followed.

Still Likes Fay's Looks

EVEN though the tempest of court litigation has now descended upon Vallee, who once bought a $90,000 California house (still unoccupied) because Fay asked him to, he still retains his appreciation of his second wife's beauty.

"Physically, Fay Webb is my ideal of beauty in a woman," he said. "When it comes to marriage, I guess I'm looking for the impossible. What I really want, and she probably doesn't exist, is a shallow-faced girl, with intelligence, tolerance—not 'broad-mindedness' (I dislike that phrase)—vision and understanding. You don't find them.

"I want a girl who likes to cook, likes to manage a household. She doesn't *have* to cook. Fay did not have to cook. I hope I shall always have sufficient means to be able to retain a cook in the kitchen, but I like a girl who has an interest in domestic things. Above all, I like a girl to be a companion. It is an impossible order."

Whether or not Alice Faye has culinary talents no one knows. Whether or not Miss Faye and Mr. Vallee will later wed remains to be seen. The rhythm-vendor is not reluctant in favoring privacy and the keeping of secrets from what he terms "gentlemen" of the press.

Again, of Alice, he says, "She's a sincere, genuine friend. I like her a lot and I think she likes me. But there's no romance there, if that's what you mean. I'm not looking for a wife right now. I want to forget a few things first. All I want to do is work.

"Work is everything with me. I don't care about money. I carry my own grips, drive a Ford. I haven't bought a new suit in over a year and a half. My 'servants' are three people whom Fay hired and whom I don't want to turn out. I don't need them any more than I need you, but they couldn't get other jobs very easily, so I keep them on.

His Ideas About Love

"THE trouble with me is that I'm old-fashioned. You see, I still believe in loyalty, devotion and love, although I've seen precious little of them. That's why New York and show business get me down occasionally. It's considered smart to 'play around' there—and here, too, I'm afraid.

Morals are smiled over. There's a careless lack of discrimination on Broadway and in Hollywood that doesn't fit in with my scheme of things.

"A man loves deeply only once. I loved Fay that way. All I can do now is wait until the right girl comes along. After all, I'm only human. I hope—I expect to find the right girl for me some day. Meanwhile—*work!*"

"How did you happen to come back to Hollywood?" I asked, throwing diplomacy to the winds. "You were lousy in your first and last picture."

"I ought to know," he smiled. "And that's just why I'm back. I'm here to show them that I don't necessarily have to be lousy. That 'Vagabond Lover' or 'Vagabond King' or whatever it was turned out to be a nice little plot to crucify me. I was the victim of a raw deal. I know I was. I got it from film cutters and from others who know.

"I don't especially like saying it, but even Mickey Neilan, the director, stood by and let them make an ass of me. They agreed among themselves that I had no acting ability, so they just let me slide through the picture. They didn't care, anyway. They sold the thing, really only a glorified short, before I even arrived on the scene. They didn't give me a chance to use any of my stuff—the smile or 'business' that has put me over in New York. God knows I don't consider myself an actor, a Lew Ayres or George Arliss, but that's no reason why the studio should have given up trying before they started. That picture naturally prejudiced people against me and I'm here now to try to rectify that harm.

His Other Claim to Fame

"AND," he continued, "I think I'm going to do it. Although the story for 'Scandals' is nothing great, I have a lot of faith in these people at Fox. I like the way they do things. After all, I must have something or I wouldn't be grossing six thousand a week in New York. But I don't think they hired me here for my draw. If I thought so, I wouldn't be here, because I can make more money at home. I like to think they hired me for my voice, my personality *and* my reputation.

"I'm here, too, because I want my fans to see me. My radio contract with Fleischmann, which pays me three thousand dollars a week, allows for no 'barnstorming.' I can't take my band around from town to town or I would. This picture will accomplish that 'barnstorming' for me.

"As for my fame and wealth—they mean exactly nothing. I would just as soon be broke tomorrow as have the money I possess." (I started smiling an "Oh, yeah?" and Rudy caught it.) "I mean exactly what I say," he pounded home. "Money has never meant a thing to me. I worked my way through Yale and finished two hundred dollars in debt, but those were awfully happy days. I wouldn't care if I didn't have a sou. And because I feel that way, I don't think I'll ever be 'broke.' I'll always make more, just as I've always made it in the past—in spite of myself. If you want to give me a tag, forget that 'great lover' line and say I'm just a damned good business man."

Later, I heard him addressing the "gentlemen" of the local papers. Standing among them, with the calm of an admiral, he was master of the scene.

"Gentlemen," he carefully enunciated, "I settled with Miss Webb for one hundred dollars a week, which is one hundred dollars too much. You might say, gentlemen, that it is ten thousand cents too much!"

Dollars or sense, blondes or brunettes, the uncomfortable refrain of Vallee's quotation runs through his thoughts: "'You can't live with them, and you can't live without them.'"

"Look what I found *when I lost the 7 stains*"



"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

". . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent gazing into my mirror. Realizing how dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept *her* teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust me. I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove *all seven kinds of stains!*'

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

Don't let the 7 stains mar your beauty . . . your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then let Colgate's *two* cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains no dental cream with *one* cleansing action *can* remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's, at 20c, is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.





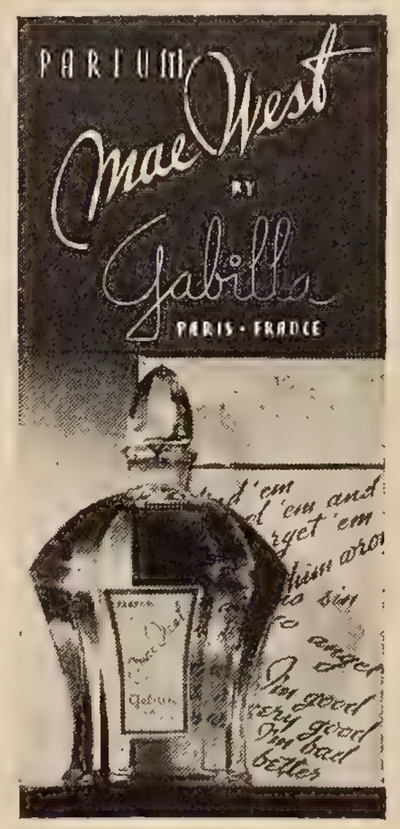
● For years the world has marvelled at Mae West's magic power over men. What could the secret be? How could one woman appeal to all men the way she does?

● One important reason for her great fascination has been her jealously-guarded secret for years. Now, with her permission, it can be told. It is the perfume she uses . . . an odeur especially blended for her by Mme. Gabilla, foremost perfumer of Paris.

● *And now* . . . Mae West gives this secret to you in *Parfum Mae West.* Now you, too, can enjoy the thrill of having—not one man but many clamoring for your favors. *Parfum Mae West* can be your own secret key to enchantment. Available at your favorite drug or department store, priced from 65c to $25.00 a bottle.

● If your favorite store cannot supply you with *Parfum Mae West,* order from us direct, using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65c in stamps for the dram size—$1.00 for the ¼ oz. size.

● *As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order.*



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19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Enclosed find ( ) 65c. ( ) 1.00

M-1

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement — this is the personal perfume of Mae West!

The Private Life of Mae West

(*Continued from page 33*)

and her life to comprehend even slightly. At times, she sounds like the most conceited human being in the world and yet I am convinced that she is completely devoid of any vestige of conceit, as most of us know it. For example, she re-wrote an interview done in Hollywood with her. In the re-written version she was quoted as saying, "You couldn't imitate Abraham Lincoln; you can't imitate Mae West."

In talking to me about her writing, she said, "I got my own individual style. You know you can always tell Eugene O'Neill—and you can always tell Mae West."

In neither case was she comparing herself to these geniuses, as it would seem. In neither case was there a personal thought about the matter. There are simply some people who cannot be imitated; there are some whose writing is so individual that it must be recognized even without signature. Her statements were impersonal comparisons which she expected the world to take as such.

Men Were "Stepping Stones"

A WOMAN does not eliminate *self* from personality easily. Although Mae's mother never had another siege comparable to the four-year one created by the first, all-absorbing love in her daughter's life, there were times when other men threatened to revive the *woman* in Mae West.

"I learned that one man was about the same as another. I learned to take 'em for what they were. Stepping stones. If a man could help me—" she shrugged. "Don't get me wrong. I was so busy I didn't have time to get all tangled up. You know. But if a guy wanted to give me diamonds . . . Any woman can get diamonds. Men can be a lot of help to a girl in more ways than one."

Many, many famous men were of help to Mae. Producers. Playwrights. Financiers. Men who could assist her up one more rung of the ladder.

"But when one of 'em began to interest me too much—I could tell by my mother's face. She didn't have to talk to me any more. I could see if she was hurt. I couldn't stand to see her worried. I just forgot any man she thought I might be likin' too well."

Again, the mother—the woman who became so much a part of her daughter that the look on her face could dictate the actions of her daughter. When you ponder over this, you understand the love and reverence and devotion of Mae to the mother who is gone; you can also glimpse a hint of her longing for the private personality which that mother slowly, but surely drove from her.

Men as most women know them—as the inspiration for living—were eliminated from her life. But the mother did not influence her to eliminate them as playmates.

"Of course, I had to have experiences to understand life. I had to know all about life to give people what they wanted on the stage."

Gave 'Em What They Wanted

MAE had first learned what men wanted from the boys in Brooklyn. She had played the game of post-office; she had done a fan dance, shaking scented powder from her almost bare body. She came to understand more and more, as she met more and more men; as she watched humanity packing into theatres heralding shows that some called "salacious" and others called "good" entertainment. She gave her audiences all she could, but not all that they desired—because she was working for "bosses," who told her, "Play it down, Mae. Play it down———"

The mother told the father when he remonstrated about Mae's running around with the boys and passing out her adolescent kisses: "Oh, let her go. Mae's different. She isn't like other girls—" And her mother felt the same way now. "If they'd only let her go. She knows what the world wants to see."

It was the mother, of course, who brought James Timony into the picture—and he has been there, as her manager and staunchest friend, ever since. "He was a Brooklyn lawyer who handled some of Mother's business. He put up some money—"

He financed "The Morals Producing Company," which was to exploit Mae West. She had finished her schooling in life; she was ready to show the world what she had learned about it. And if there are some who criticize her, it is only fair to remember this truth. She has been sincere, from the first, in her statement, made again and again: "I give 'em what they want to see." And if there is something in that gift to which part of the world objects, it is a reflection upon human nature, rather than upon the public nature of Mae West, because the truth is, as she told us in the first chapter, "I top 'em all. I always have." We cannot ignore the proof: she has always packed the theatre!

Yes, she was through with her period of learning; she was completely finished with being a woman in the ordinary definition of that word. She was about to become a playwright, producer, actress.

Hasn't Rested in Seven Years

"I HAVEN'T had a moment to myself since that first play opened. I tell you, I ain't had time to have a personal life any more than I do here in Hollywood; I just work and work and work—"

She opened "Sex" in Waterbury, Connecticut. The manager tried to persuade her to change the name. She refused. After all, she had a producer, now, who not only allowed her to run her own business, but who encouraged her to make that business more and more box-office and who agreed with her on the definition of "box-office."

The theatre manager was horrified. Neither he nor anyone else in the theatrical business in 1926 had heard the word "sex" used in the theatre except in such terms as "the weaker" or "the stronger." Mae told him: "Sex is life. Why shouldn't the word be used? Do you want to change the dictionary?"

She kept telling one person after another the same thing. The New York newspapers refused to accept advertisements for the play, unless she changed the title. She refused! And she covered the town with placards—her own advertisements!

"I didn't trust anyone else to tend to those advertisements, either. I took a car and drove all over, each Sunday, seein' that they were right. Through all the suburbs, too. I tell you, since I went into producing my own shows, I ain't had one moment for anything but business. I taught myself to think only of Mae West and then I got so busy I couldn't think of anything else. You don't leave things to chance in this business."

And at another time, she said revealingly, "Timony wouldn't let me!"

Now, there were Timony *and* her mother to hover over this curious woman, a phenomenon in our era. Newspaper stories that were written at that time quote Timony as saying, "Let 'em close the show. I hope the police do get after it. That'll mean business."

(*Continued on page 64*)

What's a Stooge? Ted Healy Tells You!

(*Continued from page 51*)

"I found them under loose boards and outside the city limits. When I came across them, they were trying to find their way, but they had forgotten which way they were looking for. They'd been there for days and days. They wanted to go North so we compromised and I brought them South. Now wherever I go, they go, too. It's terrible.

"But Jean Harlow thinks they've got a big future here. She liked 'em the first time she tripped over them. She was feeling sorry for herself that day, but since she met them and saw how low human life can fall, she's been a new gal. Well, anyway, that's what she says.

"But bad as they are," Ted went on, "they aren't so terrible for the money they get."

"What do you pay them?" I asked.

"Nothing," Ted snapped. "Nothing, that is, in actual money. I pay them in vegetables."

At that moment Red Pearson, one of his stooges, popped his head in the open window. "You're supposed to say, 'What kind of vegetables?'" Red piped, "and Ted will answer, 'Just a small celery.' He thinks that's a joke, the dog." Ted threw something at Red and the head at the window disappeared.

"That," Ted lamented, "is the kind of thing I have to put up with from those lugs. And they haven't been the same since Jean made the mistake of telling them they had stooge-appeal."

"What's stooge-appeal?" I thought I had floored him with that one.

But he cracked right back and said, "It's a sort of cross between Ramon Novarro and an egg sandwich."

"What do they do with their spare time?" I asked.

"They go to the library and tear pages out of books. They started with picture books, but now they've gone high-brow and rip up only the classics. Then on second Thursdays they take turns thinking. But they don't strain themselves. They just think of easy things like what day it is and what they'd do if they had sixty cents. By that time they're worn out so they go home and play with their pigeons."

Jerry Howard, one of his stooges, popped his head out of the fireplace. "You're supposed to ask, 'What kind of pigeons?'" he chirped, "and then Ted can come back with 'Stooge Pigeons, of course.'" Ted took time out to light the fire and Howard went up in smoke.

Ted Crashes In

"LET'S talk about you, awhile, Ted. Come clean and tell me—how did you get into pictures?"

"I don't exactly remember," Ted answered. "The stooges and I were out walking and a door was open and we just walked in and kept walking. I met an executive and he said, 'What are you doing here?' and I said, 'I'll bite, what are *you* doing here?' And he couldn't answer that one. He said he used to know, but that had been years ago. 'But,' he said, 'I have the *nicest* office. Ever see my office?' I told him I hadn't, so the stooges and I went to his office and stayed there for four months. Best office I ever slept in. The only noise was on Saturdays when the executive went out to get his check.

"But one day I made a mistake. I left the office with the stooges and took a walk around the studio. A director discovered us and the first thing *we* knew, they stuck us into 'Hollywood Party,' 'Bombshell,' 'Danc-

(*Continued on page 65*)

Is *your hair* TOO DRY *or* TOO OILY *to train in these* New Hollywood Styles?



Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment below.



Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

Help *for* DRY *hair:*

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To *correct* OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*



PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*



"ONLY 18c [2 for 35c] FOR KLEENEX NOW"

former 25c size

MILLIONS of women say they wouldn't do without Kleenex at any price. Once you enjoy the convenience of Kleenex nothing else will do.

What a blessing Kleenex is when someone has a cold. These marvelously soft tissues befriend tender noses that harsh, wet handkerchiefs once rubbed raw and red. You use each tissue once, then throw away. No more messy handkerchiefs to wash.

Kleenex checks colds from spreading through a family—helps keep germs from fingers—does away with the "cold-laden" handkerchief that scatters germs every time you take it out to use it.

Kleenex has a world of uses—for removing face cream—smoothing on make-up—dusting on powder. Have it always on your dressing table for guests and yourself.

Now Kleenex costs less than ever before—18c for a full-size package. Get Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores.

(25c in Canada)

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

The Private Life of Mae West

(*Continued from page 62*)

And when that did happen finally and Mae took her historic and picturesque ride in a police wagon, the box-office receipts were boosted twenty per cent overnight.

The trials and tribulations of that play have made history that would fill an entire volume. It was endorsed by the Citizens' Play Committee. That endorsement caused a slight *decrease* in the box-office. But after the arrest was made, attendance went up twenty per cent!

"When the newspapers refused my advertisin', they gave me headlines about my havin' my nerve producin' such a play. I couldn't 've bought that space for any amount of money. That sent my prices up and packed 'em in. When you tell people a play is naughty, they rush to see it. I can't help that, can I?"

That trial offers a cross-section picture of Mae West and those who surrounded her. Barrie O'Neal, the leading man, was frightened. He sat in court, downcast, morose. Mae tried to cheer him. She wasn't asking comfort for herself!

One of the girls of the show told a reporter for the *New York Times* on April 22, 1927: "If the people of this city only knew what went on behind the scenes in 'Sex,' they'd be surprised. Why, the chief sources of amusement among us between scenes were discussions of the music of Beethoven and Bach, Shakespeare and all the world's most famous philosophers and literati!"

Not Ashamed of Her Play

MAE told the same reporter: "Some of the papers called my earlier stuff garbage, but that sort of garbage was what my patrons wanted and I gave it to them. And, besides, 'Sappho' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts' were called worse names than that when they were produced and look at them now. 'Ghosts' is a classic and maybe ten years from now they'll want to see 'Sex' again and call it a classic."

Harry Cohen, a baffled little clothier, giving his address as 260 Fifth Avenue, testified that he had advanced the first $2,500 for the original production of "The Morals Producing Company" in Waterbury. He testified that he had objected to a dance called "Koochie," but that the leading woman, Miss West, had persuaded him that audiences wanted it.

And a dignified judge complimented a jury of twelve average American citizens upon its decision of "guilty" for Mae and Timony and the production manager, but excusing all others of the cast.

Ten days in jail! Timony went to the Tombs, where the newspapers reported that his "initiative and ambition" secured him the job as boss of the mop and broom squad.

Mae went to the Welfare Island workhouse on April 19, 1927. Warden Henry O. Schleth reported that her only complaint was against the coarse cotton dress, heavy cotton stockings. Her job was sweeping. When she left, the Warden paid her a compliment that she has always cherished. He told reporters, "Mae West is a fine woman—and a great character." The Warden also knew his human nature!

And when she came out of the workhouse in nine days—she got one day off for good behavior—she sold the story of her experiences to a magazine for $1,000 and dedicated the Mae West Memorial Prison Library on the Island with the money.

"Sex" was followed by "Diamond Lil" (you saw it on the screen as "She Done Him Wrong"), which ran for five years—if you count the three that it played on tour. "The Constant Sinner" followed, and was another hit. Those three plays—and Timony's sage business counsel (he made her invest her money, instead of spending it)—brought her wealth; she became as independent financially as she was in every other respect.

Ten Years Ahead of Time

ALL the furore and "holy horror" about "Sex" couldn't stop this amazin' woman from writing other bold, outspoken plays. "The Drag" (which never reached Broadway) and "Pleasure Man" dealt with subjects even more daring than "Sex." She also had to go to court about "Pleasure Man"—but this time the jury disagreed, after one of the longest and most amusing trials on record.

Mae says, "I was ten years ahead of my time. Some day, I'm going to produce those plays again . . . We make things that exist too important by whispering about 'em, rather than bringin' 'em right out into the open. We talk around a subject and make it something it isn't."

And although she may have created these plays—bringing subjects "into the open"—for the sake of the box-office, Mae believes this. She insists that crusading doctors—not crusading cops—should have been the ones to look over "Pleasure Man." That's why she fought the case in court so long and bitterly.

Her life has been a laboratory. And her experiments in that laboratory have confirmed her *impersonally* in the belief that she has expressed again and again, "If young girls knew more about love and didn't take it so seriously, it would be better for them." She says, honestly, "I never aimed to do any harm with my plays! They were part of life—"

The other evening I was chatting with a professor of philosophy—a man who seldom sees motion pictures. We came to the now-international subject of Mae West. I had expected him to deplore her.

"I saw her in 'Diamond Lil.' She's an artist. A great artist. She is perfect in the art of providing entertainment. She knows each fundamental; she is a student—"

I told him how Mae West had written and produced that play immediately after her sojourn in jail. I told him how she had decided to create an illusion to cover the sly innuendos that she had learned the public desired. She had told me, "I covered up that naughtiness in 'Diamond Lil' with the clothes of an alluring, interesting period, and people were so fascinated by the romance of a bygone day that they forgot about the naughtiness. They had it without realizing it!"

The professor—the man who had spent his life studying philosophy—looked at me a long moment. "That proves that she is a great artist!" he answered.

An artist. A woman who has learned more than the study books could have taught about the world in which she finds herself. A woman who can look through the world's shams and see what the world is—a woman who has been transformed from an emotional human being into a shrewd, uncanny judge of all who are around her. A woman who was to study Hollywood from a distance, size it up as few others have done, then sweep into it to attain the summit with one, magnificent gesture. And one woman, perhaps the only one, who has not let Hollywood upset her; who has maintained her *impersonality* each single second. Who knows just how far she can go, how long she can last. She has her plans for the next jump perfected! Read about them in the April issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.

What's a Stooge? Ted Healy Tells You!

(*Continued from page 63*)

ing Lady,' 'Fugitive Lovers,' 'Meet The Baron,' and 'Nertsery Rhymes' and a half-dozen other shorts. Now, I live in a fine house with carpets and windows and doors and everything. And my stooges, Moe Howard, Larry Fine, Jerry Howard, Bonny and Red Pearson all live in other houses as far from mine as I could find them. And that's about all I know—or care to know—about stooges."

How a Stooge Works

BUT before he finished, Ted became serious enough to tell me that a stooge, after all, isn't such a bad guy to have around. His job, unless you already know, is to confuse and harass the comedian with whom he works. Ted's stooges spoil his best jokes by giving away the point. They say the wrong things at the wrong time.

They lie in wait for him on the set or stage and just as he's going well, hop in and "crab" his act. They may do it by starting a song, a juggling act, or by telling silly riddles. Thus the attention that should go to Ted is diverted and he loses his audience. It's then up to Ted to jump on them, have sand-bags dropped on their heads and otherwise get them out of the way. But if they're good stooges (like Ted's) they come right back for more, giving Ted not a moment's peace. The results are always good for belly laughs. Audiences howl at Ted and the trouble he has with the flies in his ointment.

Ted and his stooges have been vaudeville and musical-comedy headliners for the past fifteen years. New York idolizes them for their buffoonery in Earl Carroll's "Vanities" of 1927, "Passing Show," "Night in Venice," "Night in Spain," "The Gang's All Here" and Billy Rose's "Crazy Quilt." Phil Baker had his stooge in the last show, too, but Ted said he could never figure out which one was the stooge.

"Every actor out here ought to have a stooge," Ted philosophized. "They're very handy guys to have around. If a star's too busy to give an interview, he can send his stooge. And a stooge is a swell alibi. If a star's wife or girl-friend says she saw him in Sardi's with another doll, he can always say, 'It must have been my stooge. I was home with the mumps, or a bad toothache or something.'

"And then a stooge always comes in handy when you feel like throwing something at somebody. Whenever I'm in doubt or feel mixed up, I always hit the nearest stooge. Makes me feel better. Nothing like it. Hollywood's tired of 'yes-men.' That's why the stooge is coming into his own out here. A stooge is a 'guess-man.' You can never guess what he's going to do next. But some stooges act queerly before the camera the first time," went on Ted, tilting his battered hat farther back on his head.

"What seems to be the matter with them?" I asked.

"I guess," Ted concluded, "it's just—"

"He guesses," chirped the stooges, who were poking their heads in the transom, "he guesses it's just a case of stooge-fright. That," they piped, just before Ted hit them with a set of andirons, "is one of Mr. Healy's very funny jokes."

I escaped during the fight that ensued, not knowing which were the goofiest, Ted Healy's stooges or Ted. The only thing I was sure of was that Healy and his gang have invaded Hollywood with the freshest brand of humor ever seen in these wastelands.

SATIN-SOFT HANDS
PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidingly on a man's sleeve . . . soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek . . . how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!



NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Those lovely hands of CONSTANCE CUMMINGS . . . how vivid they make this moment from "Looking for Trouble" with Spencer Tracy . . . a 20th Century Picture.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light . . . liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAF, N. B. C. network.



ONE girl gets expensive shampoos—hair treatments—regular marcels. Yet her hair looks mussy.

The other girl's hair gets the simplest of care. But her coiffure is sleek, and well groomed. What's the reason?

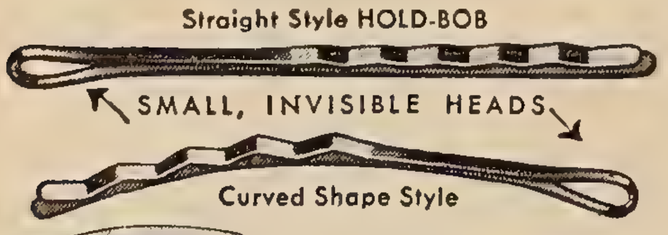
One girl puts her trust in hair pins that slide out as soon as she puts them in. The other pays a dime for a card of HOLD-BOBS.

HOLD-BOBS are *not* ordinary bob pins. Only HOLD-BOBS have round, small, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs. Only HOLD-BOBS keep hair securely in place because one side is crimped and one side is straight. HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match each shade of hair.

Made only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. C-34, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB





Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in allsizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. C-34, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

These Li'l Girls Know the Answers!

(*Continued from page 31*)

Goddard;" she wants some day to marry a man in the profession—someone with the same ideas and objects in view that she has. In the meantime, she's perfectly content to "wait for something swell." She would advise a girl-friend to go into the movies IF the girl had something to offer and knew the theatre pretty well; she isn't in the Hollywood swing and really doesn't care to be; luck, connections, and the stage boosted her onto the screen; and there's nothing she'd rather do than act.

Her one difficulty is amusing: "I'm having an awful time trying to get a piece of linoleum for the floor of my dressing-room." In answer to the next question she asked, "Who knows what a Hollywood party is?" And on the next she remarked that "Hollywood's pitfalls are whatever you make them," which is a pretty clever answer. She has no jinx, but she has a good-luck ring that she has worn for five years—the only thing she is superstitious about. And her answer to the last question was, "There's no reason why I can't combine sophistication and naïveté!"

Lona's Keepin' Kalm

LONA ANDRE, eighteen, quiet, and too listless to give authenticity to her red hair, is apparently thrown into a dither by a question of any sort. (Her next picture will be "Come On, Marines.") But after half an hour's hard work, I obtained the following, which is sparse, but revealing:

The Panther Woman contest gave her the ticket to Hollywood, and she wants to be a star as soon as possible, but in the meantime is having difficulty connecting with "a nice part." She also wears a good-luck ring, and says that the pitfalls of Hollywood are "the good-looking, handsome fellows—and blondes." She reads mysteries, doesn't want her acting to resemble that of any star, believes that marriage and careers don't mix, and wants eventually to do the Fay Wray type of rôle. All the other questions left her entirely speechless.

Getting Mary Carlisle to answer the questionnaire was rather like trying to pin down a cyclone. Mary, petite, blonde, pert and nineteen, with the smallest hands I ever saw on any human except a baby, is America's perfect girl-friend. I had lunch with her at the M-G-M commissary, and it took us a half-hour to get from the door to our table. Male voices calling after her. . . . "Hey, Skinny! . . . How are you, Skinny? . . . Aw, where're you going? . . . Have lunch with me, Skinny. . . . Hey, come here, I want to tell you something. . . ." They call her Skinny because she's always trying a new diet.

Nothing Slow About Mary

BEAMING at everybody, not missing a single response to all the greetings, Mary fluttered busily through the commissary and finally landed at our table, a trifle worn, but triumphant. She ate her lunch in two minutes flat, during a miraculous lull, and answered every one of the questions practically instantaneously. If you can read the following without stopping for breath, you'll get the general idea of Mary Carlisle:

She wants to be a good featured player "because they last longer than stars;" actors' pay is not too high—if they're worth it; she won't get married until after she has had a career; she wouldn't advise a girl-friend to go into the movies unless she could get used to disappointments; she says that it is definitely NOT necessary to appear at the best places, because if you're good enough, they'll remember you from the screen (look at Garbo!).

She'd rather eat than act; she likes Hollywood parties; she doesn't know what a pitfall is, and will never go into a picture without wearing her two chain rings. If she can't wear them on her hand, she puts them in a shoe. She is having a hard time breaking herself of the habit of taking a quick breath at the end of each line of dialogue, and she reads biography and fiction.

Whew! Good work, Skinny!

Toby WANTS to Be "Naïve"

TOBY WING, Paramount's "perfect chorus girl," is the exact antithesis of Miss Carlisle—quiet and languid. Mentally, as well as physically. Her replies, given with hesitation and in monosyllables, were weighted with a sort of chess-game consideration, each simple "yes" and "no" representing a fearful and almost insurmountable mental hurdle and a brown study of about fifteen desperate minutes.

Actors' pay is plenty high, she pronounced after due deliberation, but a good actor earns what he gets. She reads love stories; she wants to be a star of the Mae West type; she couldn't tell me if Chaplin is married, and she wants to marry an actor, but not for six years. "That's a long time to wait, too," she added naïvely. She would advise a girl-friend to go in the movies "depending if she is anxious to work."

It IS necessary to go to the best places and she always does; Al Kaufman, the official Paramount "discoverer," gave her her chance at the screen; she'd rather travel than act; she is having only one difficulty at present—"learning enough to do big parts;" Hollywood parties "depend on who gives them;" she doesn't know any pitfalls personally; and she always wears a ring made of a two-dollar gold piece which was given her by a fortune-teller. "If I leave it in the bathroom in the morning," she told me, "I feel funny all day." She wants her celluloid life to be "sexy in a way, but also comic and naïve."

Well, don't leave your ring in the bathroom, Toby.

Ida Sorry She's So "Old"

IDA LUPINO, the little English musical comedy star, is a miraculous person. Only seventeen, her mind is that of a mature and intelligent woman. There is nothing undecided or frail about her. If I were to choose two words to describe her, I should say sophisticated and brilliant.

There are three hundred and fifty theatrical years back of Ida. George Lupino, an ancestor, was one of England's most beautiful ballet dancers. He died one night on the stage while doing the eightieth spin on his toes. He was seventy years old.

Miss Lupino most decidedly would NOT advise a girl-friend of her own age to go into the movies.

"Look at me," she said. "Here I am—seventeen years old—and I've been on the stage since I was thirteen. I can't look back on any of the fun and friendships other children have. I have never talked with children. I've never had a childhood. I'm old—mentally—and I am sophisticated, and I feel as if I had missed the most precious thing that life has to offer—a happy, carefree youth."

The only difficulty she is now encountering in Hollywood is an acute attack of homesickness; her favorite author is Edgar Allan Poe; she will marry an actor; she wants to act like Ida Lupino; she swells the number of those who believe in wearing good-luck rings.

Jean Has Big Ideals

FROM Miss Lupino, I went to see a quaint little girl—a fairy-tale princess, a dreamy little person who combines a frailty

of spirit with fine, robust moods . . . Jean Parker.

Absolutely unsophisticated, young in every way except for a certain thoughtful melancholy, this little Parker child is a rare and beautiful person, holding savagely to her ideals and protesting earnestly that there aren't any witches or bugaboos in life.

She reads fantasies, poetry and ancient history; she wants to do on the screen those things that appeal to children; she doesn't want to resemble any star—rather, she would like to introduce a new type of acting; and in answer to the question, "Is Chaplin married to Miss Goddard?" she replied, "I'm not interested in gossip."

"A beautiful love is natural," she said, continuing the questionnaire, "but it requires great intelligence to experience it. Some day I hope to combine marriage and a career, but not until I'm old enough." Whether or not she would advise a girl-friend to go into the movies depends on the individual. "The films require so much poise, so much mental and physical grace," she said—with a simplicity that utterly lacked self-satisfaction.

She goes where she wishes, and "prefers never to be in the Hollywood swing;" she was encouraged to go into the movies by Mrs. Ida Koverman, executive secretary at M-G-M, to whom she "owes everything. I'm mostly grateful for her tremendous faith, which made me forget fear and inspired me." She went on: "There is only one thing I'd rather do than act—and that is interpretive dancing. However, I love all creative art and intend to excel in five professions in my life: acting, painting, sketching, music and dancing." And she's so passionately idealistic that I, for one, wouldn't be surprised to see her do it.

The difficulty she is encountering now is her "metamorphosis." She is having difficulty "changing from a tomboy to a—well, to a darn LADY!" She never goes to Hollywood parties; the pitfalls "are letting your feet slip, figuratively speaking;" and in answer to the question, "Have you a movie jinx?" she replied, "I'm not superstitious—just optimistic."

How Would You Grade 'Em?

WELL, there you are. The kids in Hollywood knowing all the answers—or most of them. . . . Now, children, line up against the blackboard. I'm going to hand out the report cards.

Betty Furness: A large A because, although she answered only seven of the fifteen questions, her replies were brisk and humorous, indicating that she was entirely capable of answering all the questions briskly and humorously—given time.

Patricia Ellis: Also a large A, because her answers were so honest and dignified.

Lona Andre: C Minus, because I had to work so hard and unprofitably to get the few answers I did get.

Mary Carlisle: A medium-sized A, because although her answers were not especially clever, she, herself, was so clever in being able to spare me any time at all.

Toby Wing: An indifferent D minus, because not one of the questions interested her any more, unfortunately, than her replies interested me.

Ida Lupino: A brilliant A, because she is undoubtedly the cleverest and most fascinating of the baby stars—an impression that even her few answers gave me.

Jean Parker: A nice, shining, lofty A, because she is such a delightful little person, because she is so unashamedly idealistic, and because she used such words as "lilt" and "soul" and "love" with such a rapt expression.

Children, I'm proud of you. Class dismissed—except Toby Wing and Lona Andre. You two girls stay after school.



—but she hadn't the courage to tell him he'd grown careless about 'B.O.'

We don't know when we're guilty of "B.O." (*body odor*). And even our nearest and dearest hate to tell us. Yet this unforgivable fault can rob us of success, popularity—love itself!

It's easy to offend unknowingly. For everyone perspires as much as a quart a day—whether or not he realizes it. In stuffy, overheated rooms, the merest hint of "B.O." is quickly noticed.

Play safe always—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You will recognize its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent as your assurance of *extra* protection.

Lifebuoy is different from ordinary toilet soaps—does more than merely surface-cleanse. Its creamy, abundant lather penetrates and purifies pores—removes every trace of "B.O."

Complexions respond

How they thrive on daily Lifebuoy cleansings! Grow clearer, fresher, more attractive. That's because Lifebuoy's luxurious lather searches out even grimed-in dirt—washes out pore poisons that dull the skin. Try Lifebuoy now!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP *ends* **"B.O."** (BODY ODOR)

FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes use genuine, harmless

Maybelline



NON-SMARTING, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT a DYE*, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.

The perfect  *Mascara*

SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Hollywood Starts a Big Clean-Up

(*Continued from page 45*)

studio. For at least three or four months we aren't going to have any orphans of passion or any loose ladies in our pictures . . ."

One trade paper says pithily, "The producers have got together for the first time in history. They say, 'We're all in the same bed now—we've got to behave ourselves!'"

Bathing Beauties Still Okay

ALTHOUGH the Hays Office is determined to keep pictures of chorus girls in teddies and lingerie out of the papers (they may still wear what they wish on the screen) and to limit "leg art" to the upper tibia or lower femur, it has decided that bathing suits are respectable costumes for camera studies.

With the beaches deserted now even in Southern California and with the papers reporting blizzards East of the Rockies, the pretty contract players at every studio are shivering as alluringly as possible in advance models of next Summer's bathing wear. Some of these swim suits have "little afore and less than arf of that behind," whereas many lingerie pictures have shown knee-length garments of the utmost primness. But the swim suits are permitted and the lingerie is banned in the great Hollywood House-Cleaning. Lingerie, you see, suggests boudoirs and seductive intimacies.

Horizontal love-making is not to be shown in "stills" hereafter, either. Reclining romance is to be swept from the pages of magazines and newspapers. If kisses are to be photographed at all, the kisser and kissee must be in a standing or sitting position, say the new orders from the movie "white wings." Remember those potent portraits of Garbo and Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil"? You could turn those kiss pictures upside down and they were just as good. Those were the heydays of Hollywood Art!

But words are worrying the cleaner-uppers just as much as photographs. Replicas of the nude statue for which Marlene Dietrich posed in "The Song of Songs" were banned in several towns, where they were featured in theatre lobby displays; huge posters glorifying the famous Dietrich legs were banned in India. Bans of that sort don't give Hollywood the tremors; they're to be half-expected. But when newspapers begin to refuse to accept advertising for pictures, on the grounds that the copy isn't suitable for family newspapers—well, it's time to worry!

Why Some People Stay Away

BLURBS that promise burning love scenes and gorgeous improprieties in a picture, with the picture often turning out to be a pretty dull affair—they're "on the spot"! Hereafter posters, newspaper and magazine advertisements and other exploitation blurbs are to be couched in more careful language, without the use of suggestive copy and misrepresentation of facts in order to appeal to persons "seeking the unclean in pictures." In other words, the "come-on" type of copy is *out*.

A recent questionnaire circulated among theatre-goers, asking why they had dropped off in their attendance at the movies brought forth the revelation that the public has resented these verbal promises of thrill that were seldom fulfilled. The duller the picture, it often seemed, the hotter the advertisement. Publicity enthusiasts had ransacked the lexicon for purple phrases and naughty nouns several times too often. By cleaning up the ads, the producers hope to win back the respect and confidence of their audiences and clean up in another way at the box-office.

Naturally, Hollywood watches this new house-cleaning with mixed emotions. Warner Brothers hasten to state that, though Repeal is here, the drys may rest assured that no real liquor is served on a Warner set—and that the players are really imbibing harmless colored water in those drinking scenes. Metro refuses to photograph its stars in their private bars; Paramount will take pictures of its players holding glasses only if the glasses are empty.

Paramount also puts the gag on the frank utterances of their great find, Mae West, and issues cooing statements attributed to her, regarding the respectability of her private life—in place of her formerly uncensored opinions anent diamond bracelets, handling men and what to do after they come up and see you. But to prove that no unwise changes in policy in regard to Mae's pictures are contemplated, it is enough to mention the name of her next feature, "It Ain't No Sin" . . . After all, Mae earned several million dollars for the movie industry last year. It is all very well to clean house, but nobody wants to sweep real money into the dust bin.

In their zeal to comply with the Hays request for "cleaner" publicity art, several studios are photographing their players in bathing suits that would not have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of a maiden of the Nineties. One just received from Fox shows Miriam Jordan in a heavy ribbed affair, tied high around the throat and demurely fulled into bloomers over the hips. We may yet see a Busby Berkeley chorus arrayed in the long pantalettes of our grandmothers!

Twelve New Commandments

"HAYS Two Up on Moses" headlined a recent trade paper, referring to the "Twelve Commandments" sent to the various studios, laying down the law for the clean-up. Seven of these commandments are Must-Nots regarding the type of publicity pictures sent out; five are Must-Nots about the type of advertising copy. And they haven't forgotten much. In substance, they are as follows:

1. Thou must not pose girls in lingerie, teddies, panties or less.
2. Thou must not show girls lifting skirts to reveal legs, garters or "gussets." (Please, Mr. Hays, what *is* a gusset?)
3. Thou must not take pictures of girls in suggestive positions, showing legs above knee or "sections of the thigh."
4. Thou must not take fan-dance photographs, in which certain parts of the anatomy are covered only by fans, feathers, lace or "peek-a-boo" material.
5. Thou must not take photographs of chorus girls in silhouette, showing outlines of figures through filmy garments.
6. Thou must not take bawdy photographs appealing to the salacious-minded.
7. Thou must not make "stills" of horizontal love scenes.
8. Thou must not write advertising that misrepresents pictures.
9. Thou must not use the word "courtesan" or any synonym in advertising copy.
10. Thou must not reprint dialogue from pictures in advertising to make pictures seem something else besides what they are.
11. Thou must not appeal in advertising copy to persons seeking the unclean in pictures.
12. Thou must not use adjectives in advertising that suggest that a character in a picture is base, dishonest, unholy, profane or "otherwise a low person."

In addition, there is a silent understanding that picture titles will keep to the spirit of this "code" and will omit words that are anathema to reformers. The word "Hell,"

for instance—in great vogue ever since "Hell's Angels"—is to be deleted from title-writers' vocabularies. Cussing, in general, is on the pan in pictures.

How do the new commandments sound to you? Do you think that the movies will get along just as well—and maybe better—if these rules are made permanent? Some of the higher-ups in Washington think so. Anyway, Hollywood is willing to try the experiment. If sexy ballyhoo wouldn't tempt people back into theatres, maybe de-sexed ballyhoo will.

One producer says of films, themselves, "The trend in 1934 will be for cleaner and more wholesome themes in pictures. Sex and gangsterism will be replaced to a marked extent by stories of human interest, pathos, good clean fun and higher emotional influences in screen entertainment."

In other words, if Hollywood keeps its present "good" intentions, it's going on from publicity and advertising to clean up pictures, themselves—which, after all, are what inspire all the publicity and advertising. Watch Hollywood this year of 1934. It may be a new town!

They Stand Out From the Crowd This Month

(*Continued from page 16*)

ALICE BRADY stands out because she gives such evidence of versatility, after a series of brittle society rôles, by a sympathetic part in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen"—and steals the picture from imported Dorothea Wieck with ease. As a poor, down-trodden farm woman, listen to her say the line, "If I'm not a mother, what am I?"—and see how *that* affects the mothers in the audience! Dark-haired, divorced, and devoted to her dogs, she has devastating wit and is the center of every party she attends. Acclaimed as one of America's best-dressed women, she buys most of her gowns for $19.50. Her New York home is a triplex penthouse.

STERLING HOLLOWAY stands out because his one brief scene in "Going Hollywood" sent people home talking about him, and because his very appearance gets a laugh. A microphone-bearer at a radio studio, he followed Bing Crosby around indefatigably—even into a bathroom, where his facial expressions have furnished the funniest comedy of the month. Spindly, high-shouldered, lazy-voiced, Sterling's drawl is a bright spot on local radio programs; in pictures, like Zasu Pitts, he makes "bit" parts important. His imitation of Garbo is a classic. He once played with the Theatre Guild, knows Greek tragedies, and adores grand opera. He is twenty-six.

JANET BEECHER stands out because she plays an interior decorator in "Gallant Lady" with such authenticity that you feel she must actually *be* an interior decorator. That's talent! As the employer of Ann Harding, who is loved by Clive Brook, she loves Brook, herself. This is no new situation to films, but she offers a brand-new blend of humor and pathos. She hails from the stage and, unless old-timers have faulty memories, was once married to James K. Hackett. You will see her in the future in Twentieth Century pictures. Her hair is grayish-blonde.

(*Continued on page 71*)



"I PITY POOR IDA! SHE JUST ABOUT PASSES OUT EVERY MONTH"

"SHE WANTS TO SUFFER! I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL EASES REGULAR PAIN"

How to Relieve Periodic Pain:

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	✗	✗	✗	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet MIDOL then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease *in ten minutes.*



Periodic pain is *out.* So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain *in seven to ten minutes.* That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.



Well-known dance team (Tom and Betty Wonder) are favorites with American vaudeville audiences

Imagine doing that last number with a BAD CORN!



● Dancers, like this spirited pair, have no use for foot ailments. They say, "Whenever a corn appears, we use Blue-Jay." • Blue-Jay—the scientific, safe corn remover! Whatever your job in life, you cannot afford to tolerate painful, unsightly corns—when you can remove them so quickly, so safely with Blue-Jay. The pain stops the minute you apply Blue-Jay. You go about your business with barefoot comfort—and in three days your corn is gone. • Invented by a famous scientist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house. Don't risk cutting or paring—don't risk unscientific remedies. Use Blue-Jay.

25c at druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.



1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2 Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
3 After three days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

a is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
c is strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

FREE BOOKLET—"For Better Feet"—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable foot exercises. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Name ..... M. C.-3

Street .....

City .....

©The Kendall Company

Hollywood's New Roll of Honor

(*Continued from page 25*)

from India, as well as the *Republic of Cuba*. Europe demands so many *exhibitions of Disney's work* that his studio is kept completely cleaned out of original drawings, and President Roosevelt, Mussolini, and Queen Mary of England have gone on record as *enthusiastic Disney fans*.

He's in "Who's Who," Too

IN addition, a Berlin magazine sent *Europe's most notable photographer*, Munkacsi, to America to take weird angles on the works; the American Board of Review chose one of the Silly Symphonies as *one of the ten best pictures of the year;* and in the new English "Who's Who," Walt Disney is *among the very few Americans listed*. All in all, that spells fame!

Live actors, as well as those in cartoon, have also received honors from abroad. Jeanette MacDonald, for instance, was so successful in her stage appearances in France that the Alliance Francaise, its oldest fraternal organization, *elected her vice president*.

In mentioning distinction from abroad, we must not forget Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., of whom it is reported, on the very highest authority, that he *plays golf often with the Prince of Wales*.

Second on the honors list comes Marie Dressler, who was given a *birthday party* on her sixty-second birthday that was a grand tribute in itself. You have already read of the scores of notables who attended; she was also dubbed *Hollywood's First Citizen*, and received *wires of congratulation* from all of the governors of all of the states. That birthday was a national event. *Spending a week-end at the White House*, as she did recently, was no new experience to this swell trouper. She was, finally, appointed *a member of the NRA board* by President Roosevelt (along with Eddie Cantor, whom his fellow-actors honored with the *Presidency of the Screen Actors' Guild*).

Mary Pickford, who won more honors than any other star last year, has to be content with *hostess at the air races* this season, though that was no small mark of esteem. They made Mary an *Honorary Ace*, and few other women can wear those wings!

The Favorite Beauty-Picker

FREDRIC MARCH must appear to his fans as a man of vision, when it comes to judging beauty contests. He was *asked to preside over seven contests*, if not more, that were held at various colleges throughout the year. (In order to have time left over for making pictures, he picks the winner by photographs.) And on the subject of beauty, some important gent named Hollywood's chorus gals as the *most intelligent in the world*.

Not all the honors, you see, are paid to established stars. Newcomer Ann Sothern won prizes for the *most original musical composition* in the State of Minnesota, and eleven-year-old George Breakston, star of "Men of Tomorrow," won a *silver cup* over a thousand entrants in a radio contest. The boy actor also *presided over the Electrical World's Fair* in New York for a week.

The year's batch of *Kentucky Colonels* includes Mary Pickford, Clark Gable, Ken Maynard, and John Boles—not to mention Mae West, who is as much a Colonel, suh!, as any of 'em. This nomination has given the Hollywood boys a new, but not suppressed desire. They want the honor of seeing Mae in that specially-fitted Colonel's uniform! And Baby LeRoy was elected the *youngest member of the Breakfast Club*, that well-known local organization which gives its members the doubtful privilege of eating breakfast in the pink dawn to the accompaniment of vaudeville entertainment.

Even more important were the honors paid to Grace Moore, the songbird, who is one of the two American women *belonging to the Art Societé of France*. The membership was conferred by President Doumer, in person. W. S. Van Dyke, the explorer-director, is proud of his medal from the *Academie Latine* and the *Societé Internationale*, while Frances Marion and King Vidor, of "Champ" fame, received the *Viareggio prizes* from the noble hand of the Marquis de la Rosa. These high Italian honors are given under the sponsorship of Mussolini. Nor must we forget that Jackie Cooper was made an *Honorary Boy Scout!*

"The Most Popular Actress"

JANET GAYNOR received recognition that IS recognition when hard-boiled motion picture exhibitors all over the country picked her as the *most popular actress on the screen*, according to the box-office figures (Are ya listenin', Mae West?) and just for variety, 300,000 girl scouts voted Janet their *favorite actress*, too. But Mae had the honor of seeing "She Done Him Wrong" play more return engagements than any film in talkie history—and of hearing the whole world pick up her remark, "Come up 'n' see me sometime."

High social honors came to Mary Duncan and Dorothy Jordan. In case you care, they—and Katharine Hepburn—are the only Hollywood belles who can point out their names in the élite *Social Register*. Dorothy is Mrs. Merian C. Cooper, in private life. Mary goes fox-hunting under the name of Mrs. Stephen Sanford. Little Mary Rogers went social, too, with *election to membership in the Junior League*.

Not so high-falutin', Richard Barthelmess was made a *Chief of the Sioux Indians*. *Columbia University's official mascot* at that famous Rose Bowl game was starlet Jean Muir. Edward G. Robinson said it was an honor to be *a Columbia alumnus*. Mae West not only changed the name of the Gay Nineties to the *Mae West era*, but also started the *Mae West vogue*.

Alice in Wonderland, or Charlotte Henry, in private life, *had a poem written to her* by Mrs. Henry T. Rainey, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who met her at luncheon. We quote:

"To walk in a veil of illusion,
To live in a walking dream,
Accepting every delusion,
Take things just as they seem;
Think for yourself intended,
The smile of the farthest star;
Live thus and Life is splendid,
But beware of things as they are."

Honored as Authors

THAT'S the first time an honor of this sort has been paid to a motion picture actress, but then, *Alice* was unusual, herself. Also in the literary order, Charlie Chaplin's *memoirs were published* by a national magazine; and the writing of Groucho Marx, Eddie Cantor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Elissa Landi *found eager publishers*. Even more exciting recognition came to another of the Marx brothers, when Harpo was *invited to make stage appearances in Soviet Russia*, the only American thus singled out.

From the same country, but originating with the former Czarist régime, came the award given Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for his work in the British-made "Catherine, the Great." He was presented a *silver Russian ruble*, stamped with the image of Peter III and dated 1762, one of the rarest and most valuable coins in existence.

Howard Hughes, racing along at 185

miles an hour, recently *won a sportsmen's air meet in Florida.* But to return to honors that film folks have won for picture work, or for just being themselves: Constance Cummings won appointment as *Honorary Colonel of the Hollywood Post of the American Legion.* Joe E. Brown was elected to be a *cheer leader at the Rose Bowl football game,* and Marlene Dietrich's statue (Remember it—in "Song of Songs"?) was *exhibited at the World's Fair.*

So these are the honors both grave and gay received by the stars the past year, unless we include Mae West's invitation from Sheriff Biscailuz, of Los Angeles, to *inspect the city jail.* If the good Sheriff was thinking of Mae's very personal nine-day experience with gray walls, back there in New York City, this might be considered a very doubtful honor, indeed. But Mae accepted, anyway. In this competition, every honor counts!

They Stand Out From the Crowd This Month

(*Continued from page 69*)

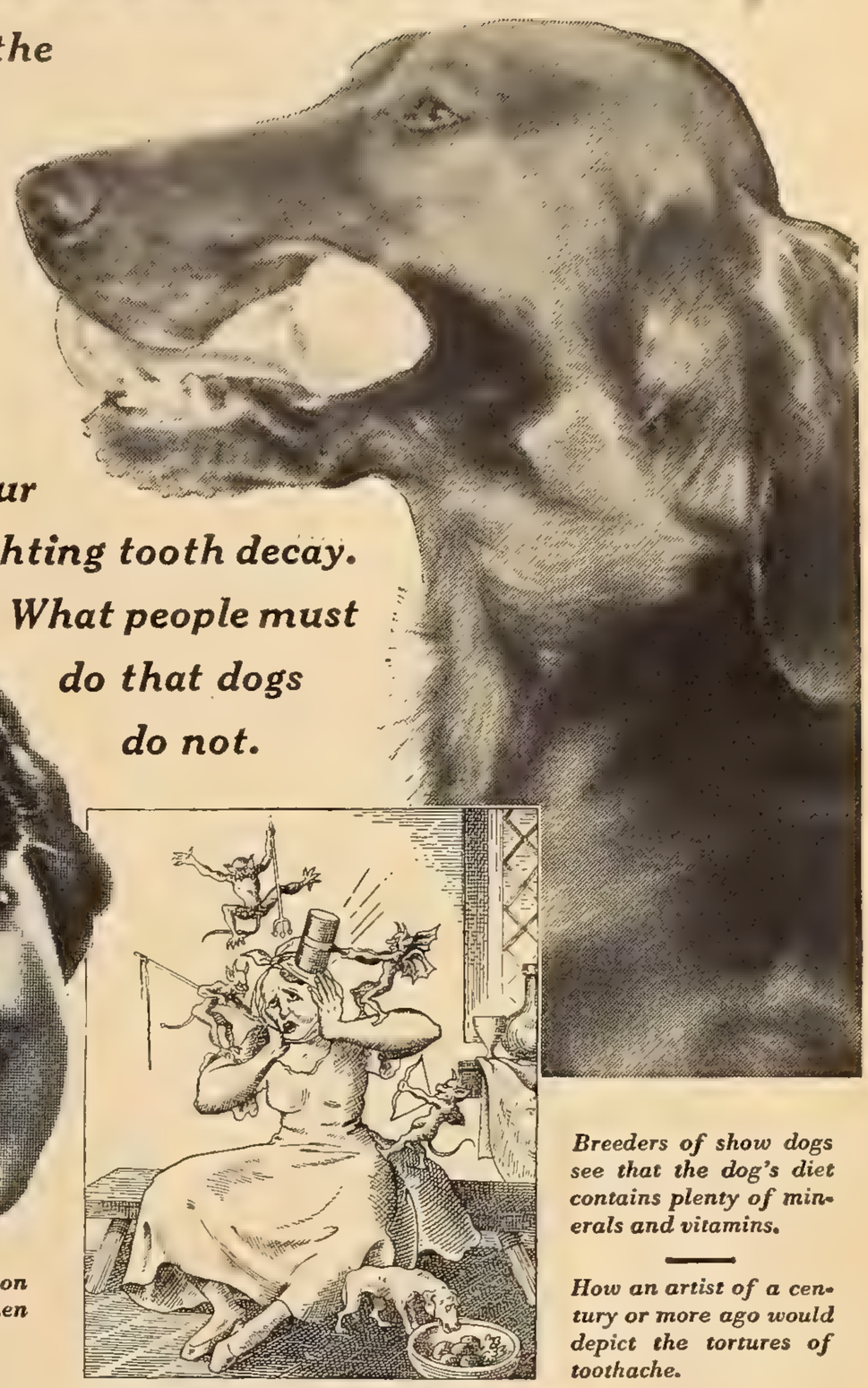
HUGH HERBERT stands out because he is a triple-threat man, who writes, acts, and directs; because he follows the grand tradition of Charlie Ruggles and Frank McHugh by stealing the show as a drunk; and because he provides a hysterical cinemoment with three lines in "Convention City." He defies description as the pathetic little character who wants to play, but can't find anyone to play with—and, what is more, has got into the *wrong* convention! They've written a big part for him into "Merry Wives of Reno." Versatile Mr. Herbert wrote the dialogue for the first all-talking movie, "Lights of New York," is happily married, and won his first screen experience as the voice behind the screen, in a prehistoric brand of talking picture.

FRED ASTAIRE stands out because his dances in "Flying Down to Rio" would have stopped the show, if you could stop a picture! Hollywood's first-nighters say that this is the first time a dance routine has been interestingly and dramatically rendered via the celluloid! The Astaires (Fred and Adele) were idols of New York and London until his sister's marriage to Lord Charles Cavendish broke up the famous dance team. He has a dual personality, like Chevalier's—gay and sparkling one minute and very much the business-man, the next. On the screen, he cannot help going into a shuffle when he hears an orchestra. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska.

TULLIO CARMINATI stands out because his sunny charm illuminates both "Moulin Rouge" and "Gallant Lady"—and because, even though he plays a foreign nobleman in the latter, competing with Clive Brook and Otto Kruger, audiences are sorry the heroine doesn't marry him! As the ubiquitous lover who keeps popping up when least expected, he pleases everyone with that smooth Continental *something.* In private life, he has the same charm. He ran away from home (in Zara, Italy) to join a theatrical troupe, so his titled father disinherited him. Then, ironically, his father's fortune was swept away, and now Tullio supports the family, a household of seven. Unmarried, but VERY attractive to you ladies, he has deep blue eyes, wavy brown hair, and a gallant manner. He asserts that his sole interest is symphonic music.

One Reason a Dog's Teeth Seldom Decay

Students now offer the answer to these puzzling questions; why puppies eat mud; why dogs' favorite delicacy is a bone. What we have learned from our four legged pets about fighting tooth decay. What people must do that dogs do not.





An attractive smile must depend on glistening, healthy teeth. Many women forget that fact until too late.

Breeders of show dogs see that the dog's diet contains plenty of minerals and vitamins.

How an artist of a century or more ago would depict the tortures of toothache.

AS everyone knows, the wildest delight of any true epicure in the dog world is a huge, juicy bone. After the meat is eaten, the bone itself is chewed and chewed, and that, in the opinion of many people, is one reason why dogs have good teeth. Bones are mainly composed of calcium and phosphorus; the same minerals which build strong, hard teeth. Many believe that the dogs' appetite for bones is merely nature's scheme for obtaining the minerals needed.

Human beings should include an abundance of mineral-containing foods in their diet also. Milk, cod liver oil, and cheese are especially rich in tooth- and bone-building minerals and the necessary vitamins.

Of course, chewing hard substances like bone also exercises the dogs' gums and keeps them healthy and may offer one more explanation of a dog's freedom from tooth decay.

The active cause of decay, in the human mouth, according to dental authorities, is acid-producing bacteria. These germs cause fermentation of the food particles that remain on teeth and under gums. In so doing, acids are formed which start decay. The germs which produce these acids live in the coating of film which covers teeth. This film forms after every meal. It creeps into every tiny crevice. Film actually glues germs to the teeth. For years we have studied ways of removing film. Recently a discovery was made in The Pepsodent Company's laboratories—a new and different cleansing and polishing material was developed. This new material is twice as soft and therefore a great deal safer than the polishing material generally used in tooth pastes.

This new cleansing material is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is softer and therefore *safer.* Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety in tooth pastes. At the same time it stands unsurpassed in removing film and polishing enamel brilliantly.

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COLDS
Go Overnight

When You Take This Famous Tablet in Time

BEWARE the cold that hangs on. It may end in something serious. Treat a cold promptly and treat it for what it is—an internal infection—and you will get results overnight.

Never let a cold go 24 hours untreated. At the first sign of a cold, take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. This famous tablet stops a cold quickly because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary.

These Four Effects

First, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels, gently but effectively. This is the first step in expelling a cold. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and that grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. It is, and has been for years, the leading cold and grippe tablet of the world.

Now—20% More for Your Money

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c—and is sold by every drug store in America. Buy the 50c size as it gives you 20% more for your money. Always ask for it by the full name and look for the letters L B Q stamped on every tablet. Dealers who offer a substitute are looking more to a profit than your welfare.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

"Get Your Heart Broken Early" —Loretta Young

(*Continued from page 19*)

in being seen with a man not yet divorced. I was willing to face them then and I'm willing to face them now. But I never thought that I would be unjustly accused of breaking up his marriage.

What She Thinks of Spencer

"IN many ways," Loretta paused a moment. "Let's double that. In many, *many* ways, Spencer measures up to my standards for a man. I was first attracted to him in my profound respect for his ability as an actor. Yet there is nothing actorish about him. He even scorns grease-paint.

"He is a delightful companion with a tremendous charm of manner. Absolutely lacking in conceit, he has a boyish humility. I have never known a man with as much gentleness. He has another rare masculine attribute—a refined mind.

"We have had such fun together. Certainly, there has been nothing secret about our friendship. From the beginning, we have gone about openly, dining, dancing and attending the theatre.

"My whole family shares my opinions of Spencer. Mother, hearing me voice my enthusiasms, first invited him to dine with us—and that's something she doesn't often do. Since then he has been a frequent visitor at our house.

"I would like to believe that this is the man for whom I have been waiting. I will know by the time he is free to talk of love and marriage.

"If I marry again, I shall be more than willing to give up my screen career. I want a home and babies, many, many babies. They will be career enough."

Was Frank and Misunderstood

SITTING in her dressing-room in an Eighteenth Century costume, awaiting a scene as George Arliss' daughter in "The House of Rothschild," Loretta presented an incongruous picture. No woman of that period ever spoke so frankly. But Loretta is nothing, if not frank.

"I gave an interview to MOTION PICTURE last October in which I talked of the necessity of feeling a romantic interest in leading men in order to give a sincere performance. I said that I had been in 'love' at least fifty times. I used the word love too lightly, although I definitely stated that such attractions were purely superficial—momentary emotional fluctuations. I said I always knew them as such.

"That story got me into trouble. It gave me a reputation for insincerity that I don't believe I deserve. Spencer heard of that one quote and remarked that he hoped he wasn't just Number Fifty-One in the long line. I made him read what I had said and he understood and apologized.

"It would be impossible for me to name off-hand all of the men to whom I have been reported engaged. Merely to be escorted by a man to some public place is to invite such rumors. No one takes them seriously in Hollywood and I haven't, either. But I am serious about the current gossip that paints me as a designing wench who has broken up the marriage of the Tracys."

Loretta paused for a moment before continuing. "I can't say whether every woman has profited as I have profited by a first unhappy venture into love. I do know, though, that we have all been through one.

"The more I think about it all, the more I am sure that a girl is fortunate, indeed, to have had her heart broken by her first love when very young. In fact, the earlier any girl's heart really breaks, the better for her.

"The first heart-break over a man seems absolutely unbearable—at the time. A girl's grief is so intense, so poignant that she is afraid she will die, then afraid she won't. I know. Every woman honest enough to admit it knows, too."

Certainly, by now, I should be accustomed to hearing Loretta Young speak of life and love from the mature viewpoint of a woman of forty or so. Yet, I must confess that I am continually amazed by the perspective she has gained despite her comparative youth. On January 6 of this year, Loretta celebrated her twenty-first birthday and her eighth year in films.

"Love came none too early in my life," she said. "Nor too late either, thank Heavens, for a sane recovery. Show me a spinster whose life has been blasted by love and I'll show you a woman whose heart was too old to survive its first break. There is nothing more tragic.

"As you are well aware, my schooling was in a convent. My career in motion pictures began almost immediately after leaving the convent. So sheltered was my home-life and so busy did the studio keep me that for three years I had no chance to fall in love. I acted love before the cameras, but didn't actually know what it was until I met Grant Withers. I was seventeen at the time, not very old by the calendar, yet much older than my years—too old to take this first love lightly.

"There is no need to go into the details of that affair. It has all been told so often, the whirlwind courtship, the sudden elopement, the hectic year of marriage, then divorce. The full story of my heart-break, however, has never been told and probably never will. It is still too keen in memory.

What Heart-Break Did for Her

"I KNOW now that it was all for the best. It gave me an emotional balance. I am only sorry that my first love had to end so disastrously. I am certain that if I had been out in the world a little sooner, had associated with boys in school days and had experienced the milder pangs of what is called 'puppy love,' I shouldn't have made such a fool of myself.

"That first love, as time goes on, grows into a cherished thing. Looking back upon it, it becomes a sweet sorrow. That is, of course, if it was ended quietly and simply. Mine ended with such bitter recriminations that it was spoiled as a memory. But it *was* a lesson. That's why I say I have profited by heart-break. A broken heart, you know, never completely mends, but neither does it break so easily again.

"People take pride in believing that they are masters of their emotions. You can't master an emotion. You can only take ordinary precautions to keep it from mastering you. If something has hurt you, you attempt to safeguard yourself from a repetition of the hurt. A first heart-break can be just a warning. But have it broken when you are young—when the hurt won't be so deep, so lasting.

"I sincerely hope that all of this doesn't make me sound like a disillusioned girl. I'm not. I have a lot of illusions about love. I really believe that I will know when the real article comes my way—the marrying, home-building, family-raising love.

"It has been more than three years since my divorce from Grant Withers. I won't pretend that I didn't seek, during that time, the love I wanted. But I never found it. Perhaps I have found it now."

Hollywood Happenings

(Continued from page 13)

while she goes prowling through the rooms. Furnished or unfurnished, it makes no difference to her. You see, she has no intention of renting a home. She just collects ideas about houses.

Mae lives, as you know, in a comparatively tiny apartment. Automobile traffic is heavy on her street and the noise from buses and trucks might be a source of annoyance to most of us. Mae dotes on noise. "I'd go nerts," she says, "if I was in a quiet residential district."

Bred in cities and accustomed to their racket, Mae West can't work anywhere else. It stimulates her, she will tell you.

She knows only too well that all this looking at houses is a pure waste of time. Yet houses fascinate her and she continues to look them over from attic to cellar. A strange complex.

Statistical Note

REGARDED all along as a big year of marital disruption in Hollywood, the records of 1933, now that a computation can be made, show only twenty-five divorces as compared to thirty-one marriages. The figures for 1932 were thirty-seven divorces and thirty-two marriages. We won't go into percentages, but the decrease in divorces is marked. Yet no one thought of labelling 1932 a boom year of smash-ups in filmland's love market.

It was just that last year shocked us by concentrating the majority of its divorces in two successive months. Then, too, the people concerned were important folks and, therefore, rated greater publicity. If you want to bet on a sure thing, you can win a lot of wagers on the 1933 Hollywood marriage and divorce totals. (We probably should admit that it cost us a couple of dollars to find out for ourselves.)

Little "Seizure"

EDWARD G. ROBINSON has often complained that he has never been able to shed the mantle of "Little Caesar." He says that the public continues to regard him as the personification of that character rather than any other rôle he has since played. This, it seems, distresses him no end, for he prefers to be known as a well-mannered, well-bred fellow. Still—

The other day Robinson barged into a book store on Hollywood Boulevard. Walking over to the locked cases of fine bindings, he demanded in a loud voice that the manager be summoned.

"I want a hundred dollars' worth of books," said the actor.

"What sort of books?" asked the manager courteously.

Robinson's voice was even louder. "The best," he shouted. "I'll give you a hundred dollars for twenty of these books. You pick them out."

"I'm sorry, sir. That would be impossible. Many of the volumes in this case are priced at more than a hundred dollars—apiece. May I show you some current editions?"

"I'll have these or none at all," Robinson stated. "My bookseller in New York gives me old books in hundred-dollar lots. Don't you want my business? Or don't you know who I am?"

The dozen or more amazed customers in the store, unwilling witnesses to the scene, doubtless murmured to themselves, "Yes, 'Little Caesar'!"

Shoo—Lew's Bedtime

A WEDDING reception, with the guests mainly newspaper writers of Hollywood, followed the marriage of Fifi Dorsay to Maurice Hill, the wealthy Chicago

(Continued on page 76)



WHEN BEAUTY ATTRACTS YOU FIND Romance

Learn How Screen Stars Create Romantic Beauty with

HOLLYWOOD'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

THE secret of beauty's attraction is color. This is the reason for the different appeals of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types. To emphasize this attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up for each individual type. Every famous screen star knows this secret, and intensifies the charm and allure of her type with correct color harmony in face powder, rouge and lipstick. Natural beauty is emphasized with a color harmony that attracts.

Now you may share this Hollywood secret. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by their own genius of make-up, is yours. See how Joan Crawford—illustrated below—creates her color harmony make-up.



POWDER

... You'll marvel how the color harmony tone of Max Factor's Face Powder actually enlivens the beauty of your skin. Matchless in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours. You will note the difference instantly ... One dollar.



ROUGE

... Created to screen star types, the color harmony tones of Max Factor's Rouge impart a fascinating, natural and lifelike glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth ... like finest skin texture ... it blends and clings just as you would want it to... Fifty cents.



LIPSTICK

...Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must remain perfect for hours. Moisture-proof, too...you apply it to the inner surface also, giving a uniform color to the full lips. In color harmony tones to accent the appeal of lovely lips... One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... *Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in* COLOR HARMONY

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY *in* FACE POWDER *and* LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

SEND Purse-Size Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Tester, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-pg. illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" ... FREE. 3-3-73

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	



Cheeks no longer sallow, skin clears, thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

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Blondes

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Don't shut your eyes to the fact that blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Yet now it's easy to keep blonde hair always lovely. For there is a wonderful shampoo, called Blondex, especially made for blonde hair only, that will bring out all its rich, golden beauty. Helps keep light hair from darkening. Brings back the true golden sparkle to dull, dark, faded and streaked blonde hair. Not a dye. No harmful chemicals. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, silky. Used by millions of blondes.

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To get a generous trial package of Blondex entirely free, just send your name and address to Swedish Shampoo Laboratories, Dept. 23, 27 West 20th St., New York City. Or you can buy Blondex at any good drug or department store—either the economical $1.00 bottle or inexpensive 25c size.

Flash! How Otto Kruger Got to the Top!

(*Continued from page 34*)

bounds, when one is irresponsible enough to stay that way regardless, going on smashing windows and conventions, man-made laws and woman-made sensibilities.

"It was the red flash in me that made me, that still makes me fall in love with ALL of my leading women. And I have been in three hundred plays, including stock, and four pictures, which gives you some idea that Eros can be a wholesaler.

"I married—and the flash in me was tamed, subdued, cooled, kept within certain limits. I should not be married although, paradoxically, I am happily married. No actor should be married. No artist should be married. You are within walls and you can't crash through. You are restricted and the insanity in you—the flash that makes you do memorable, mad things—is normalized. Which may be a very good thing for the man, but is an all-but-fatal thing for the artist. I shall never be anything but a competent actor now. I know my job. I have learned how to handle the tools of my craft. I am deft enough, but—I'll never flame above it.

"I have been married for fourteen years. I call it"—Otto laughed—"the twenty-five-year experiment. The quarter-of-a-century plan. If, at the end of the twenty-five years, it is a failure, I shall—well, the chances are one hundred to one that I would simply go forth and commit matrimony all over again.

What Simplifies Their Marriage

"MY wife and I have an understanding. She knows all about the red flash in me. She knows that I am susceptible. I know that she is susceptible. When we were first married, I knew that she was rather fond of another actor. She knew that I was in love with my leading lady of the season. We suffered, of course. We probably 'enjoyed' our suffering. There was resentment and jealousy. We didn't enjoy them. But there they were.

"And I am entirely serious, preposterous though it sounds, when I tell you that I have been in love with all of my leading ladies—with two exceptions. One of them was Helen Hayes. We played together in the days when *she* played with *me*. She roused the spiritual in me. And love, for me, must have a physical attraction as a basis. I expect nothing more than that. If the object of my affections reveals that she has a thought or two, much less a soul, I feel that I have been overpaid. . . . The other exception was Barbara Stanwyck. She is a one-man woman. She wouldn't take it.

"With those two exceptions, I've been in love with them all. I am married, but still human. I am a man, and women are women to me. Why try to lie about it? The red flash in me isn't so dead as all that . . .

"When I came to Hollywood, it was presupposed that I would play character parts. I preferred to. You can deliver more of a wallop behind a make-up. It's easier work. There is nothing harder in the world than for an actor to say 'I love you' and say it convincingly. When Louis B. Mayer saw me in 'Beauty for Sale,' he sent for me and told me that I was to play love interests. I tried to argue against it. I said that there was no use in our getting off on the wrong foot. I said that I was past all that, didn't look the part of the romantic lover, and so on. They argued me down. They said that I *made love*. Well, no doubt I did. I am not denying that I did. I was in love with Madge Evans, you see.

Can't Remember All of Them

"THERE have been so many that I sometimes suspect myself of lineal descent from Casanova, rather than from Oom Paul. Peggy Woods—I was engaged to her. I had been engaged to her for some time until I met my wife. Then there were Katharine Cornell and Violet Heming and June Walker and Ruth Shepley and Pauline Lord—Peggy Shannon, Madge Evans—oh, Lord, dozens and dozens of them. It's strange, but I can't even remember their names to-day—names that were once at the core of my heart. Remember that line of Swinburne's that goes something like this: 'If you've forgotten my kisses, then I've forgotten your name'? That's how it seems to be with me.

"I fell in love with all of them and I was profoundly serious about each and every one of them. Each time it happened to me I thought, 'This—*this* is IT!' I suffered all the torments of first love, forever fresh and furious. I sent them candies and books and flowers. I wrote poems to them and about them. And always and invariably I tried to conceal the somewhat amusingly well-known fact that I was married. The time would come when they would say to me, 'But aren't you married, Otto?' And I would look long-suffering and suitably tragic and frustrated and mutter something about 'Oh, yes, in a way——'

"I always found little trysting places where we would meet for luncheon, tea or dinner. Places sacred to the at-the-moment two of us. Places where the special aroma of our infatuation seemed to flower the most colorfully. Sometimes I doubled up on the trysting places, but that, after all, could not be helped. There are limitations in time and space.

What Ended Each Romance

"I WAS always in that state of mind where I wanted to cast the world aside and run away from it all. I entered into a suicide pact or two. We experimented, in words, with life on a desert island. The world was always well lost for such a love as this—and that. I never learned from past experiences.

"I said the same things to each and every one of them. Not very original on my part, perhaps, or very flattering to the ladies, but women—all women—irrespective of type, age or coloring aroused the same identical emotion in me, a degree more or less, perhaps, but basically and violently the same. And each time, while that 'time' was on, I would believe that *this* was different.

"What stopped me each time? The show closed—the romance ended. The last day would, inevitably, arrive. I would say, 'I can bear this for one more day.' That day would die. My heart would die, too. And then—a new show would open, a new romance begin . . .

"And now I am in Hollywood. And yesterday my wife and small seven-year-old daughter, Ottilie, arrived from New York. And all of this has been training for my wife—training that will enable her to live in Hollywood safely and imperturbably, more or less immune to the shocks and sensations—at least, until the end of our twenty-five-year experiment!

"I have been out here alone for nine months. And all the time I've been here I've written my wife, daily, that Hollywood is no town for wives. It isn't. This is a man's town. A man's Paradise. Wives are

lost in the place, sunk before they learn how to swim, beaten before there is need for punishment. They are up against the problem of ten gorgeous women to every one susceptible male.

The Preventive for Divorce

"THE only life-preserver a wife can have out here is—preliminary training. Training in a man's susceptibilities and how they work and what, if anything, they mean.

"I brought my wife to the studio with me to-day. You'll meet her in a few minutes. I've shown her the works. We lunched in the Commissary to-day, and dozens and dozens of glorious girls came flocking in, some wearing shorts, some wearing bathing suits, some wearing more and some slightly less. All of them were luscious and breath-taking and incredible. I let my wife have it all. Then I said to her, 'Now, whatever happens, you will see that I am not to blame.' She agreed with me. She said it was colossal. She knows me. She also knows the balance wheel between temptation and the fallible nature of Man.

"I've told her that whatever she hears about me, about my conduct for the past nine months, she is to believe. If you tell your wife that everything she hears about you is true, she will be likely to underestimate the truth. If you tell her not to believe a word, she will over-estimate, rather than the reverse.

"You see, the red flash in me has trained my wife and made our marriage safe for the twenty-five-year plan."

I said, "But are you happy—I mean, are you both happy?"

"Oh, *happy*—" Otto smiled, that singular and skeptically soft and charming smile of his. "Is that so very important, do you think?"

Mrs. Kruger came in at this moment—the wife who has mated with the red flash in a man and has lived through three hundred avowed romances of her husband's. She is dark and radiant and completely *happy*-looking.

Is This the Explanation?

OTTO told her what he had been telling me, what I was going to print. She smiled at him as a woman smiles at a man she finds irresistible and slightly amusing, as a mother smiles at a small boy who is deliciously uncontrollable—but *hers*. And in that smile I got the reverse side of the amazing medallions, the amazing patterns of behavior that Otto had been dangling before me. These romances, these ladies whose names he cannot now remember were but the profiles, tilted provocatively this way and that, of the one face, the one emotion, the one love, the one woman . . .

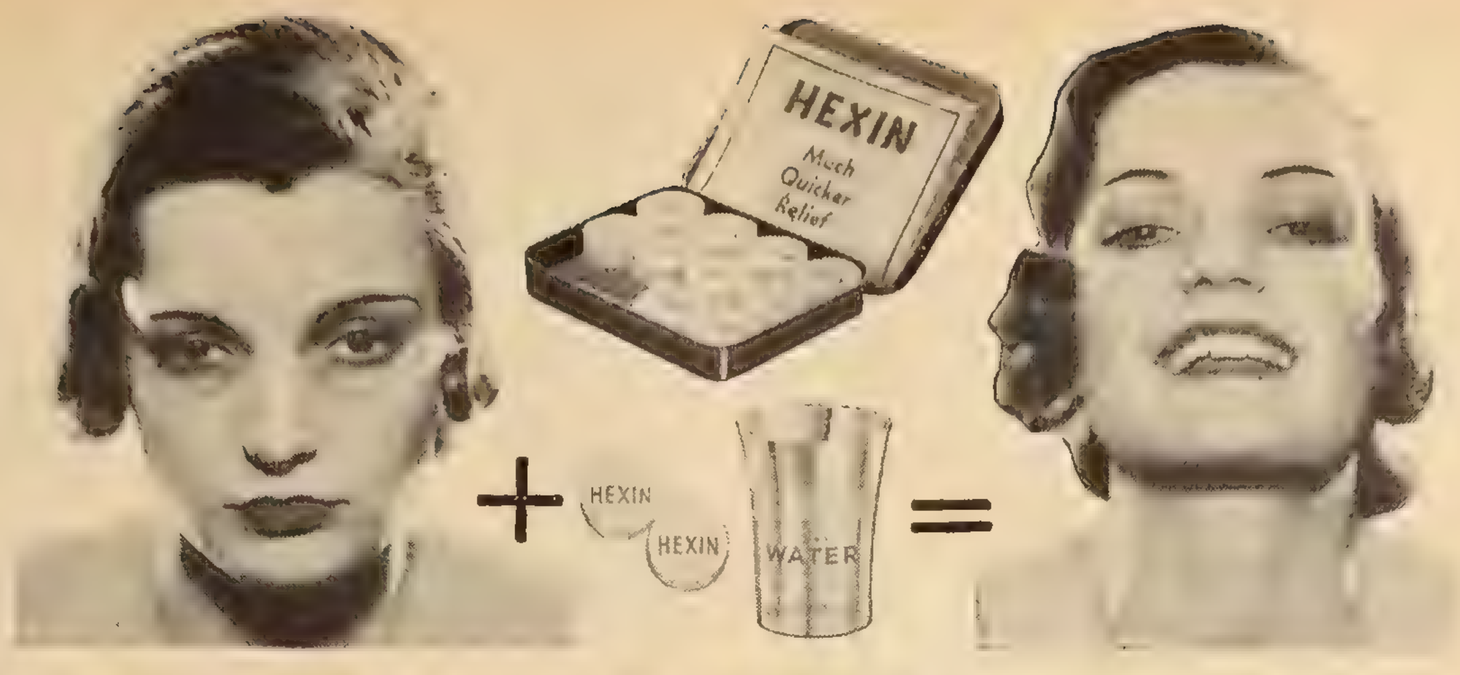
This is why Otto has felt only one emotion for all these leading ladies of his plays and, he has thought, of his heart. This is why he has said the same things to each and every one of them. He has been saying them to ONE WOMAN in her multiple phases and enchantments.

Mrs. Kruger said, smiling, "Yes, Otto does all the playing. I stay at home now and am the wife and mother. It's a very satisfactory arrangement. Otto, did you remember to tell about Violet Heming—she was such a very *special* one——?"

Otto said, "You see? Here are two people who understand one another, who know what susceptibility is, who do not lie or expect to be lied to. Such persons are the only ones for whom professional marriage is possible and workable. I believe that our twenty-five-year experiment will work. There will come the day when——"

"When what?" I prompted.

"When I will be tired of love-making," said Otto, "when the red flash in me will be no more . . ."



Don't let PAIN rob you of your charm!

New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve

●Don't let pain take the sparkle out of your eyes or the brilliance from your conversation!

It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

Science has made amazing strides in the relief of pain, and now headaches, backaches, earaches, and toothaches are commonly relieved in record time.

People who use HEXIN nearly always find that pains yield to 2 of these tablets with a glass of water in less than 10 minutes.

Double Action Relieves Pain Faster

The HEXIN formula (printed on the box) is well known to modern doctors and druggists. Part of this new 5-grain tablet dissolves at once in the stomach, giving instant relief. The remainder dissolves in the digestive tract and prolongs relief amazingly. Many users claim relief to be 3 times as fast and to last 3 times as long.

Originally developed for children, HEXIN had to be safe and, in actual clinical tests, it proved much less disturbing to the digestion than old-fashioned, slow-acting tablets. It can be taken just before meals without upsetting the stomach or spoiling the appetite.

Quick Relief for Colds

While no certain cure has been developed for the common cold, many people find that if they take 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken, a threatened cold fails to develop. HEXIN also greatly relieves the discomfort incident to colds in the head.

The fever-reducing action of HEXIN is well known to the medical profession. Pains due to rheumatism, arthritis and neuritis usually yield quickly to HEXIN.

Make the Only Test that Counts

Next time you are in pain, take 2 HEXIN tablets with water and look at your watch. In most cases the pain begins to lessen and tense muscles relax in 3 to 5 minutes. In 5 to 10 minutes pain miraculously vanishes.

All modern doctors and druggists know the HEXIN formula and endorse it. Buy a box today. Insist on HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

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Winx, the new type mascara, is composed of many LIVE tones—not one thick, solid tone. Therefore it darkens lashes *and* makes them look live, glistening, *natural*. Their silky, languid beauty lasts for many hours. Winx can't smear, smudge or flake off. Never forms ugly "beads."

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famous flesh colored gum rubber reducing garments.

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure.. **$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE: 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back. Send waist and hip measures..... **$4.50**

My flesh colored medicated rubber hose relieve swelling and varicose veins almost at once. Fit like a glove. Send ankle and calf measures.
11 in. $3.75 pair
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$4.50



All garments are made of pure gum rubber—flesh colored. Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.
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Vandamm

Katharine Hepburn wanted more acting experience before playing "Joan of Arc"—so she went back to the stage to play in the tragedy, "The Lake." In the supporting cast was Blanche Bates, long a Broadway star, who stole the show from Hollywood's Hepburn on the opening night. But Katharine was an apt pupil—and soon changed all that!

Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 73*)

medical student. The reception was held at the Beverly Hills home of Lew Cody and was marked by the astonishing behavior of the host. Cody belongs to the day when newspaper men were lavishly fêted by filmdom. Yet upon this occasion, he succeeded admirably in making all of his guests uncomfortable.

After the frigid greeting given them by Cody, many made excuses to leave immediately. Before the buffet supper was served, the host, himself, departed, accompanied by his crony, Buster Keaton. The next that was heard of him was when he telephoned at eight o'clock and asked that everyone go home as he wished to return to go to bed. A shamefaced colored butler relayed the message.

Laying 'Em Down

YOU know how those indefatigable health-seekers promenade the decks of steamships on an ocean voyage, making twenty or more rounds for their daily constitutional. Well, we'll let you in on a secret. Sam Goldwyn takes his exercise similarly—only he walks around and around a huge sound stage on the United Artists lot. Don't tell anyone who told you.

"I Do" Again and Again

WHEN Doris Warner and Mervyn LeRoy were married in New York, the studio made them a wedding present of sound motion pictures of the complete ceremony. Unlike most wedding presents, it will probably come in very handy. All Doris has to do from now on is to run the film to put Merv right in his place. Imagine seeing yourself on the screen and discovering that you looked just as silly as you felt while being married.

Stranger at the Banquet

HAL ROACH celebrated his twentieth anniversary in the motion picture industry with a dinner dance. A huge sound stage was beautifully decorated as a night club and places set for a thousand guests.

Shortly after the festivities began, a quiet chap entered the room, looked around a moment, then unobtrusively took a seat all by himself. He spoke to no one and, apparently, passed unnoticed in the celebrating throng until one of the writers from this magazine spied him.

"Walt Disney," cried our writer. "What are you doing here?" The remark was meant as a salutation rather than as an inquiry. But Walt took it literally.

"Why," he hesitated, "why—er—I got an invitation and thought—er—I'd come."

It was the writer's turn to be embarrassed. "That isn't what I meant. I should have said, what are you doing sitting off in the corner by yourself."

"Well," again Disney hesitated, "I've never met any of these folks. I don't want —er—to intrude."

And this is true. Of all the men in this business, Walt Disney is the most humble. Absolutely lacking in conceit, his underestimation of his own importance is appalling.

The reception he was accorded at the Roach party didn't affect Disney in the slightest. He was meeting for the first time many of his favorites and he met them as an

admirer, a fan. The praise they lavished upon him, he, doubtless, charged off to politeness.

Our writer performed the introductions in most cases and saw to it that Walt met everyone present, Harold Lloyd, Stan Laurel, Babe Hardy, Groucho Marx, Chico Marx, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow, Polly Moran, Thelma Todd and many others. Will Rogers he knew, but allowed Will to speak first for fear he would not be remembered. Of Bebe Daniels, he asked a picture.

One might believe from our limited description that this was Disney's first studio party. It was.

Dietrich May Talk—Occasionally

AFTER a month of keeping his "Scarlet Empress" sets absolutely closed—even from members of the publicity department and still cameramen—von Sternberg will now allow Marlene Dietrich to pose for a few pictures. He is also said to be amenable to an occasional interview for his star, providing the subject of the interview is first outlined in writing for his approval. Such sheer autocracy hasn't been witnessed in Hollywood for many a moon.

Despite the secrecy with which von Sternberg has surrounded Marlene Dietrich and the "Scarlet Empress" set, an occasional story gets out. We like the one Sam Jaffe tells of the day the director shot one scene eighty-nine times, then ordered "Print the fourth take." Jaffe swears it's true.

A Crowded Life

IF there is any one much busier than Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. these days we don't want to meet him. Terribly busy people just wear us out to look at them. After finishing "Success Story," at RKO, Doug hopped back to London to make a picture with his papa. He also expects to do a stage play in London, and perhaps, next season in New York. And as if that weren't enough he writes magazine articles every month.

Eleven Editions For Rudy

RUDY VALLEE, the Yale boy who made good in the big city, has been as friendly around Hollywood as a politician around election time.

His last trip, four years ago, was a profitable one. He not only made a pretty penny at the studio, but in-between scenes dictated his book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True." The book went into eleven editions (which even Vina Delmar can't sniff about). Even if Harvard boys don't like Rudy, there were apparently plenty of people who wanted his book to place alongside their set of Kipling.

Old Home Week

IT'S no longer news that Hollywood divorced couples are constantly running into each other at this place and that place. We thought it was sort of interesting, however, the little tête-a-tête that occurred at Colleen Moore's tea. There were Gloria Swanson and the Marquis just chatting away like everything, apparently having a swell time. We looked around for Constance Bennett, but didn't catch sight of her anywhere. Joan Bennett was among those present, though, and didn't seem a bit concerned. At the same party Marian Nixon and Eddie Hillman met and exchanged the time of day. Altogether it was like Old Home Week.

Still Pally

MAYBE divorce doesn't pay, after all. The first Christmas that they were married William Powell presented Carole Lombard with a sixteen-cylinder Cadillac. This year it was a new Ford.

(*Continued on page 81*)



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IT is the one beauty aid you can afford because this single preparation embodies all the essentials of beauty that your skin needs. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored surface skin in tiny, invisible particles, revealing the beautiful, soft, young skin that lies underneath. So simple to use, too. Just like an ordinary cold cream. You need such a tiny bit of Mercolized Wax for each application that it proves an inexpensive beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax has been making complexions radiantly lovely for over twenty years. Let it make your complexion fresher, prettier and younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of each individual complexion.



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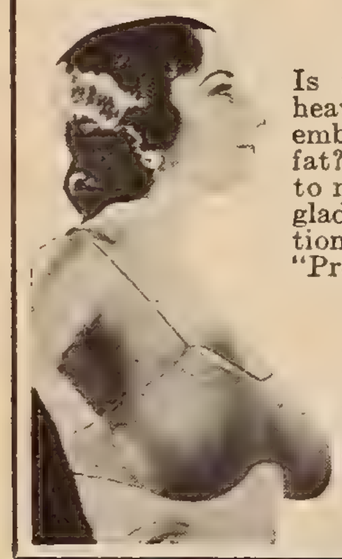
Resinol Soap thoroughly cleanses the skin without drying or injuring its delicate texture. Use it daily—it helps to prevent clogged pores, blackheads and pimples.

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Louangel Corp., Dept.C-14, 216 W.23 St.,N.Y.C.

Madge Evans Tells Her Big Secret!

(*Continued from page 26*)

most thrilling, most unforgettable experience of my first trip to Hollywood.

"I had met Tom shortly after Mother and I arrived in Hollywood. The Prisma Natural Color Company had bought my contract from World Films, to star me in pictures that were to introduce their color process to the motion picture industry. Until then I had made all my pictures in the East, but because atmospheric conditions were best in California, the Prisma Company had brought me out here.

Played Lovers in Early Film

"THEY made a two-reeler—a descriptive poem—in which the final sequence was to show me grown up. My hair was tied back with a black bow, and I was dressed in a riding habit so that I would look as old as possible. The fade-out showed a young man holding my hands. Tom was that young man!

"We discovered that we lived in the same hotel—the Hollywood Hotel, where many of the picture stars were living then. From then on we were inseparable companions.

"It was a glamourous, glorious, exciting twenty weeks. When we went away, I gave him a photograph inscribed, 'To My Favorite Father.' Tom gave that picture to his own father several years later—and it still hangs in the living room of his home in Chicago.

"On Tom's photograph to me was the inscription: 'To My Only Child—from her Los Angeles Father.' I treasured it for years, and carried it everywhere with me in a case.

"Tom wrote me one or two letters after we returned East. I suppose I answered them. But as those things occur, we finally lost touch with each other. Mother and I read of his marriage to Zasu; we went to see his pictures. We knew about his numerous trips East—but he never looked us up.

"I was growing up in the meantime. I went into the theatre. I forgot Tom. I met many boys and went around a lot. I became engaged—and when it was time for me to go to Hollywood on my contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I almost gave it up, because I hated to leave the man I loved.

"But I came. Maybe it was Fate. Perhaps Tom was my destiny from the first day I met him—when I was a child and he was only nineteen.

Zasu Sponsored Reunion

"MY first day at the studio, Zasu, who was on the lot appearing in 'The Guardsman,' came over to my set. She was awfully nice to me—and told me that she knew Tom would be happy to see me again. Even though they are separated, they are still very good friends and telephone each other frequently.

"Three days later my telephone rang. It was Tom. Zasu had given my number to him. Strangely enough, we were again living close to each other—separated by a scant half-block. We had been living in that neighborhood for some time, but we had never run into each other.

"He came over that night. Within half an hour all the years that had passed were bridged. It was as if we had never ceased knowing each other.

"I went out with him a few times. Usually, Mother went along. Only twice, I think, was I with him alone during that first year and a half. At that time his business necessitated frequent trips to San Francisco and other cities. But whenever he came back he would always telephone us, come over for dinner, or just come for the evening.

"Tom was called to Chicago by the illness

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Why be embarrassed by a flat-chested, unwomanly form? Fill out your bust to lovely shapeliness. Try my easy home treatment for adding firm, rounded tissue.

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Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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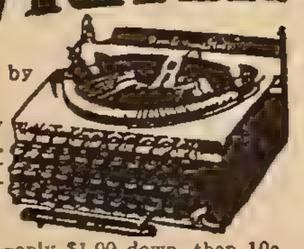


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of his mother—and just before he went away, Zasu asked that a divorce be arranged between them. They had been separated for some time—but neither one of them had even thought of a divorce. Up to then Tom and I had been merely good friends. But Hollywood, trying to discover a reason for the Pitts-Gallery divorce, immediately jumped to the conclusion that Tom and I were in love—and wanted to marry."

As a matter of fact—and Madge is silent on this—a new romance had entered not Tom's life, but Zasu's. Within a few short months, the comédienne of the facile and expressive hands will marry again. (Her divorce from Tom was final last April 26.) But let Madge Evans continue with the saga of her romance:

"Definitely in Love" a Year

"WHEN Tom came back from the East, we saw more of each other. He was again taking me to the movies and buying me sodas—as he had when I was ten.

"*In the past year we have been definitely in love.* I no longer even think of the man East. I must have been in love with Tom even as a child. Certainly, he represented perfection to me then—as he does now.

"We would have been married by now if it were not that I feel, in fairness to Tom, I must take stock of myself. I believe in my heart that neither separation nor new contacts will change my love for him. But every person must add and subtract and multiply at certain definite periods of one's life, so that a perspective may be regained or achieved—so that the road ahead may seem simple and clear.

"I've been in Hollywood for almost three years. I've worked very hard. I've been within call of the studio every day. I haven't had time to be a *person!* And I want to be a nice person, as well as a good actress.

"Then, again, I want to find out what I've really accomplished during the past three years. Have I made any progress in my career? I don't know. I shall know soon. Definitely, I am going to be an actress. That's my career. If not on the screen, then I shall go back to the stage. But I must know what is happening to me.

Will Continue Her Career

"HOLLYWOOD is not the best place in the world to look at yourself or others with vision. It's a mad, merry-go-round town—and movies are a mad business. You're constantly under tension. You never have a moment to relax, or a moment to think lucidly.

"Tom understands that marriage will not interfere with my career. He knows me well enough to realize that I would be unhappy otherwise. Neither money nor fame are enough. Every person must find some basic satisfaction that will give point to living, offer a reason for striving. What we have doesn't count. Only what we are is important.

"So I am going away for awhile, not because I feel my love may be somewhat confused. But, rather, because when I marry Tom, I want to be rested—to be sure of the ways to make marriage last. I don't believe in marriage for a day. I think it stupid to marry with the reservation that if it doesn't take, you can always get a divorce. I want to marry for always."

There is no fear in Madge Evans' heart that the test of her love for Tom Gallery—for test it is—will find her wavering. She is going away for a little while—not to subtract from love—but to add to it.

Once she loved a man from whom she parted. His memory faded. And because of that—because she wants her love for Tom to be inspiring—because she knows that love is fragile, she must prove to herself that the instincts of the child are justified by the judgment of the woman.



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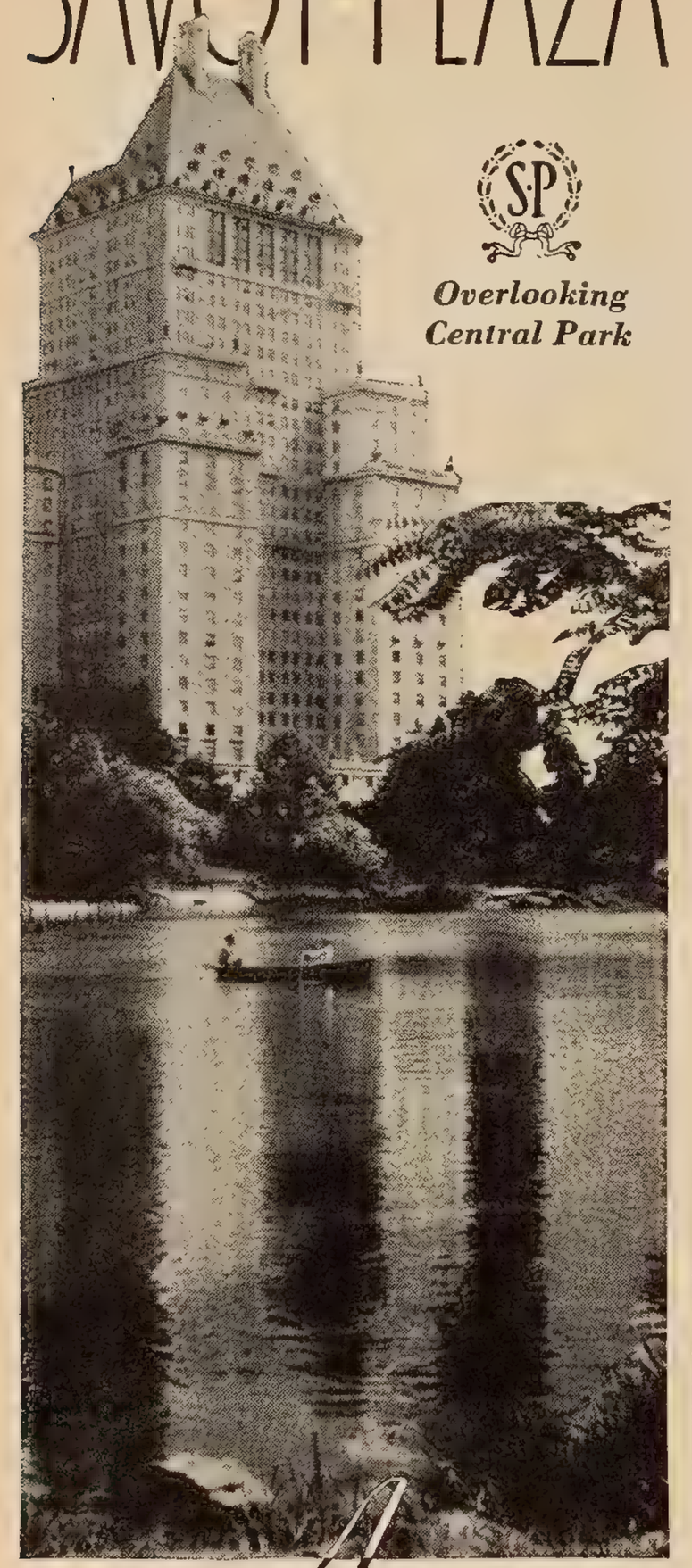
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Reviews of the Latest Pictures

(Continued from page 52)

puts on a revue with fan dancers to make ostrich plumes the rage, and has to beat a retreat. It won't tax your brain; it moves with speed along witty lines; and—in case you're interested—it reveals a choice array of gorgeous women, gorgeously gowned. That is, they're gowned part of the time.

YOU'RE going to meet up with a passionate idealist in "MAN OF TWO WORLDS." His name is Francis Lederer; he's as handsome as he is intense; and he has something that no other hero on the screen has. You're bound to go for him in a big way, even if the story they handed him for his American début leaves you as cold as an ice floe. He is, of all things, an Eskimo. Up there in the Arctic wastes, leading a life like Mala's in "Eskimo," he is discovered by an English sportsman-explorer and taken to London, so that his primitive reactions to civilization can be studied. He believes, for one thing, that Elissa Landi's photograph is a spirit, until he meets the flesh-and-blood girl and falls in love with her—to her amusement and his heart-break. Its comedy hurts its romance, or maybe its romance hurts its comedy. Anyway, being half of one and half of the other, it is not a thoroughly entertaining whole. But it's worth seeing, for Lederer's sake.

"GALLANT LADY" gives Ann Harding the greatest opportunity she has had since "Holiday"—and I'm not forgetting "The Animal Kingdom" and "When Ladies Meet," either. It is a story that goes up and down the whole scale of emotions and is skillfully told, with situations and dialogue that are both dramatic and powerfully real.

"Widowed" before she is even married, she is befriended by a down-and-out doctor (Clive Brook), who helps her get a job as an interior decorator after her baby has been adopted. She prospers and mellows, but can't shake off her memories—even under the spell of an amorous Continental (Tullio Carminati). Then, she encounters her child (he has now grown to be Dickie Moore) and learns that his foster-father (Otto Kruger) is about to marry again. Thinking only of her child (that is, at first) she sets out to change Kruger's mind. And she has you wondering with which of the three likable chaps she will finally find love and contentment. It is a picture that will get under your skin, with the sensitive Ann seemingly living her rôle. The three men are so uniformly excellent that, like Ann, you won't find it easy to choose between them. Janet Beecher, as Ann's friend who is a victim of unrequited love, almost steals the picture.

"I AM SUZANNE" is a novel, refreshing musical fantasy—written with a wistful touch, photographed with great beauty, and acted with spirit and glamour. In the title rôle, Lilian Harvey ought to click with the American public as Fox originally thought she would. She's no impish Cinderella this time. She's real. Though not so real even yet, perhaps, as Gene Raymond.

She's a queen of the Paris music halls; he's a struggling owner of a puppet show who falls in love with her and wants to make a puppet in her image. She not only falls in love—in spite of her manager (Leslie Banks); she also falls during her act and is injured so badly that her career seems over. Her friends desert her; only Gene remains. She helps him with his puppet show as she convalesces—and the show, built around a



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puppet of herself, prospers. But now he falls in love with the dancing marionette (this is where the fantasy comes in)—and the real girl is desperate, wondering how to win him back. The agile marionettes will fascinate you, and you may be dazzled by three spectacular dancing numbers; but the delicate fantasy is what you will remember.

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT" is the American cousin of "Maedchen in Uniform." Like that famous German picture, it is simply told and tensely emotional; but maybe because it is American, it has more sex appeal and is less soul-searching. The setting is a strict girls' school in the Alps, where rowing is part of the physical training (which explains the title). But it isn't a story about eight girls; like "Maedchen in Uniform," it concentrates on one girl—her life, her thoughts, her emotions.

Dorothy Wilson and Douglass Montgomery, student at a nearby boys' school, share a terrifying secret—a secret that she cannot tell the other girls, the swimming teacher (Kay Johnson) or her busy, self-centered father. Tortured by the enforced intimacies with her schoolmates and the life of the school, she is driven to thoughts of suicide just before her secret is discovered and accepted in a way that flatters human nature. The picture belongs to Dorothy, who is young enough to be vividly sincere and emotional; she makes the girl's problem a disturbing, absorbing one.

Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 77*)

And at Carole's housewarming party Powell was very much present. So was Russ Columbo.

The Intelligentsia

MAYBE it isn't nice to mention it but at a recent party, for lack of something better to do, everyone took an intelligence test. The results, in most instances, were pretty startling. The biggest surprise, though, was the paper turned in by one of the screen's most popular women stars. After careful checking it was revealed that she had an eight-year-old mentality. As we said before, a lot of people were SURPRISED.

Briton Broadside

SOMEHOW we thought that Mrs. Patrick Campbell (the Britisher) had enough sport with the motion picture celebrities when she was on the Coast a couple of years ago. At that time she simply lacerated stellar egos by pretending complete ignorance of the names and identities of such people as Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels, and others. But, just the other day, when Lilyan Tashman was accepting compliments on her new hat, lavishly trimmed with Bird of Paradise, Mrs. Campbell joined the throng.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "you look just like an Old English sheep dog."

Salty Tale

ANOTHER good story went wrong when the news percolated about town that Lionel Barrymore had blown himself to a yacht. Several of his friends had been pointing out the joys of sea-faring to Lionel, and, apparently, he had finally capitulated and was ready to sail the ocean-blue. When his excited friends phoned to know what sort of sea-hack he had purchased, Lionel explained that it was just fourteen inches long. He wanted to use it as a model for an etching.

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ARE you flat-chested? Do you lack the shapely feminine curves that are all the vogue? Is your bust small and undeveloped? Does it sag formlessly instead of standing out firm and round. Thousands of women have used the famous Nancy Lee treatment to enlarge the bust, to mould it to high arching shapeliness, to lift the sag. Just a few minutes a day required.

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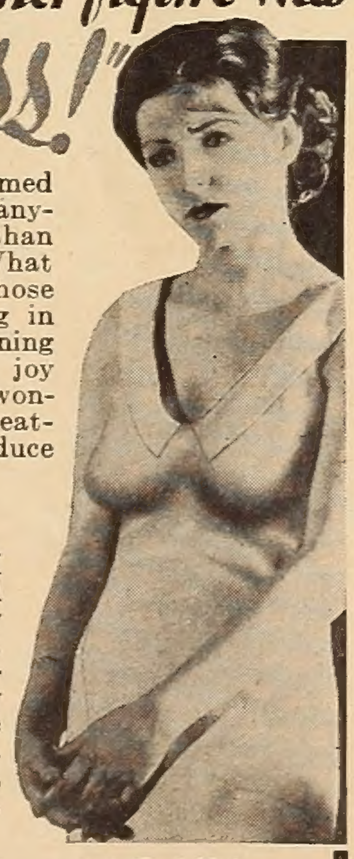
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29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15
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32x4½	3.35	1.15
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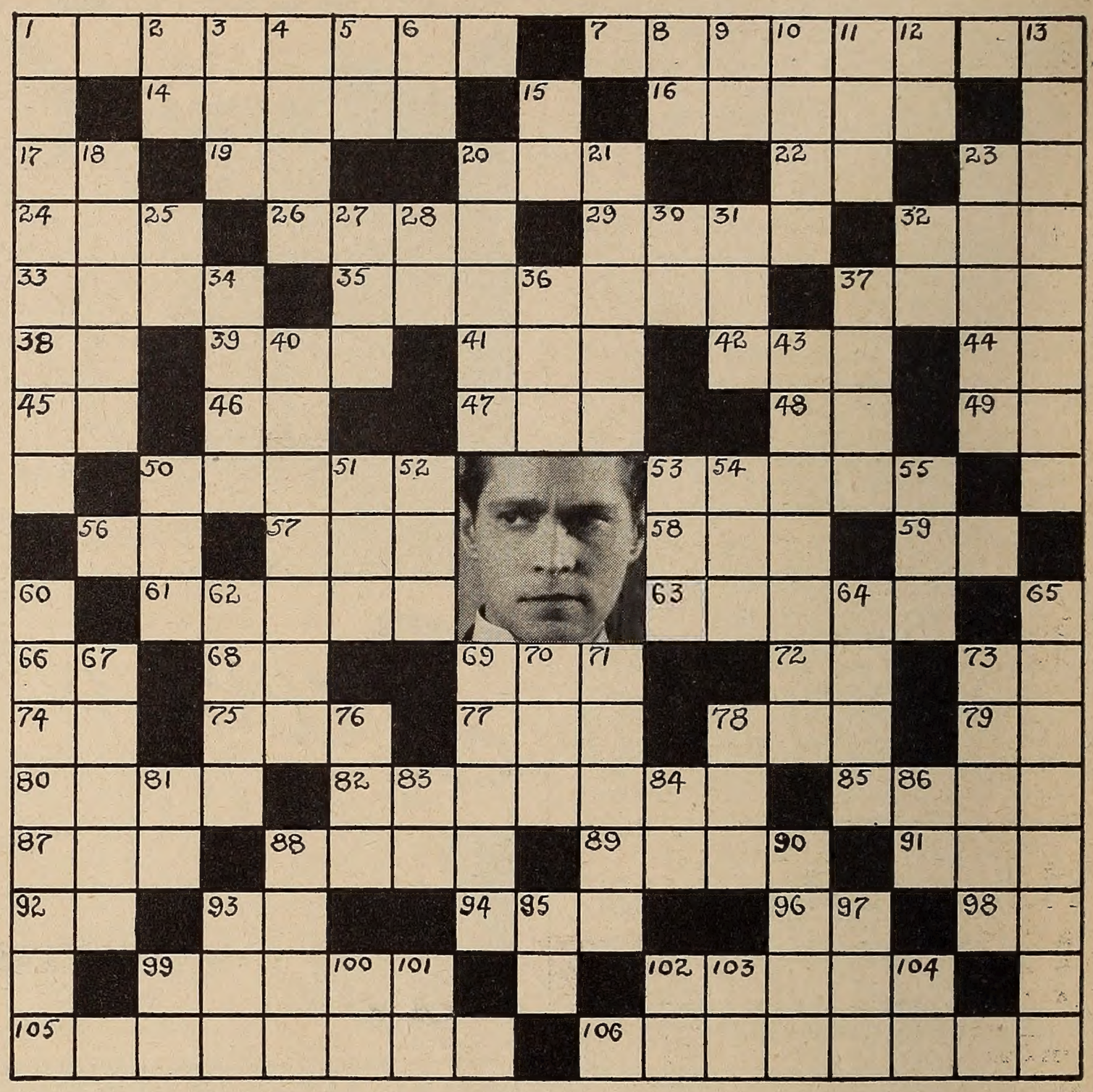
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For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



HORIZONTAL

1. First name of the star in the center
7. Clara Bow's lover in "Hoopla"
14. Hero of "My Weakness"
16. Made comeback in "Ladies Must Love"
17. "Guilty—Not Guilty"
19. He played *Bill Barton* in "I'm No Angel" (init.)
20. Meadow
22. Heroine of "Duck Soup" (init.)
23. A day of the week (abbr.)
24. A good picture usually has a long one
26. First screen vamp
29. Tarzan's new Mrs.
32. Unit of energy
33. To throw forth
35. Not of Jewish race
37. Poor pictures are sometimes described with this exclamation
38. "I'm——Angel"
39. "The Better——"
41. Shortening of Dillaway's first name
42. A drink favored by the English
44. Katharine Hepburn was born in this state (abbr.)
45. He was "The Invisible Man" (init.)
46. Eddy's initials
47. Some so-called comedies arouse this in you
48. "Tonight—Never"
49. An exclamatory call
50. *Baron Munchausen*
53. His first name is Roscoe
56. Jobyna Ralston's husband (init.)
57. *Meg* in "Little Women"
58. You see lots of this in "Eskimo"
59. Max Baer has this
61. Creed
63. Restrain
66. "The Rich Are Always With ——"
68. Esther's initials
69. A movie cowboy usually totes one
72. Initials of the actress daughter of an Alabama Senator
73. Charlie Farrell's alma mater (abbr.)
74. The giggling girl in "Cavalcade" (init.)
75. Short for Isaiah
77. A cuckoo
78. Reporters try to keep—on "elopements"
79. Olga's initials
80. Green stuff found in damp spots
82. "Schnozzola"
85. Her real name is Patricia Detering-Nathan
87. Incorporated (abbr.)
88. A backward projecting point
89. Periods of time
91. The Marx Brothers act like —— wits
92. Neely's initials
93. *The Little Giant* (init.)
94. Exclamation (pl.)
96. The Czarevitch in "Rasputin" (init.)
98. Sylvia's initials
99. Hero of "Lilly Turner"
102. Heroine of "Fugitive Lovers"
105. She is the well-known Mrs. Frank Fay
106. Leslie Howard's name in "Berkeley Square"

VERTICAL

1. Lake is her last name
2. Played opposite Valentino in "The Sheik" (init.)
3. His first name is Carroll
4. No star likes to have a player —— his act (coll.)
5. They call Gable a — man
6. Barrymore's partner in "Counsellor At Law" (init.)
8. Rafaela's initials
9. "Don't Bet——Love"
10. Harold Lloyd, Jr. is a —— child
11. Will Rogers is noted for this
12. McLaglen's old rival (init.)
13. *Henry VIII*
15. "Born to — Bad"
18. One may be started very easily in Hollywood
20. Heroine of "Man of Two Worlds"
21. *Anna Nordholm* in "The World Changes"
23. *Tom Garner* in "The Power and the Glory"
25. Symbol for nickel
27. "This Day and ——"
28. Ellis' initials
30. Union League (init.)
31. The London fog in "Cavalcade" was as thick as — soup
32. Eric's initials
34. Last name of the star in the center
36. A high hill
37. Jean Harlow's late husband
40. Players and stars in the fore are called ——
43. Sister of Sally Blane
50. A moccasin-like shoe
51. "Is My Face ——?"
52. Plays the guide in "Four Frightened People"
53. "The Arizona ——"
54. "—— of Aces"
55. Guy Standing's title
60. She made a hit in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole"
62. Brazilian coins
64. Recedes
65. Director of "Design for Living"
67. The adviser of *Queen Christina*
69. A screen star who once worked in a Swedish barber shop
70. The last name is Merkel
71. Baseball teams
73. He played "The Mummy"
76. A girl's name
78. Favorite drink of Clive Brook's homeland
81. Mrs. Nick Stuart (init.)
83. An ancient city
84. Deceased character actor (init.)
86. Heroine of "Bitter Sweet" (init.)
88. Was home-made during Prohibition
90. The smaller half of a famous comedy team
93. Shortening of Truex' first name
95. Heroine of "Berkeley Square" (init.)
97. "Devil —— the Deep"
99. Hero of "Song of Songs" (init.)
100. Sylvia Sidney was born in this state (abbr.)
101. Rejected suitor in "Moulin Rouge" (init.)
102. She was once Dempsey's wife (init.)
103. Randolph Scott's home state (abbr.)
104. What yes-men say in Spanish

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle

W	R	A	Y	■	R	O	B	■	A	D	E	■	F	R	E	D
E	O	N	■	B	A	R	R	Y	M	O	R	E	■	O	V	A
S	I	D	N	E	Y	■	E	T	A	■	G	A	R	G	A	N
T	■	R	E	D	■	A	N	■	I	A	■	T	H	E	■	E
■	F	E	D	■	E	L	T	I	N	G	E	■	A	R	M	■
R	A	W	■	O	R	I	■	S	■	I	N	A	■	S	A	M
A	I	■	E	V	A	N	S	■	F	L	E	S	H	■	C	O
G	R	E	T	A	■	E	■	■	■	E	■	T	H	E	D	A
■	B	E	■	T	O	■	■	■	■	■	E	A	■	R	O	■
L	A	N	D	I	■	L	■	■	■	F	■	I	R	E	N	E
E	N	■	D	O	R	I	S	■	C	L	A	R	A	■	A	N
E	K	E	■	N	I	B	■	A	■	O	N	E	■	M	L	S
■	S	I	R	■	P	R	E	S	T	O	N	■	A	I	D	■
E	■	L	E	G	■	A	A	■	O	R	■	F	I	R	■	A
N	U	E	C	E	S	■	R	I	B	■	L	I	L	I	A	N
I	R	E	■	O	S	U	L	L	I	V	A	N	■	A	N	I
D	O	N	T	■	E	S	E	■	N	I	P	■	A	M	E	S



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